THE JUNEBUG

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THE JUNE BUG

Published by the Senior Class of the
East Technical High School
in the year nineteen hundred thirteen

"The working hand makes strong the
working brain." *S. Weir Mitchell*

CLEVELAND, OHIO

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To

Frederick William Blaisdell

in appreciation of

the help he has given us,

the Class of Nineteen Hundred Thirteen

dedicates this book.

'Rah, 'Rah, 'Raw, Tech!

Editorial

After scouring the Bible, Shakespeare, George Ade and Mr. Blaisdell's Seed Catalogue for something impressive and suitable for an editorial and none being satisfactory, we have decided to write the editorial ourselves.

Of course such phrases as "The year has just gone by" and "We, the class of umpty ten," are good, but they are not good enough for us. They are old and time worn.

Naturally we wish to place the achievements of our class high upon the ladder of renown, high above the accomplishments of the common graduating class, up, up, where only the most ethereal spirits dwell; there, above all things mortal, is our level. The germs of wisdom on our plane will look down the ladder, and far below them they will see the struggling forms of Socrates, Napoleon and Eva Tanguay fighting for seats of fame.

In order to reach this lofty position we have told the truth as little as possible, climbed over the mutilated reputations of our faculty, to attain the highest point in the star pierced dome above, pushing upward until we bumped our craniums on the sunbeams and were able to shake hands with the dairyman who managed the Milky Way.

We have made gross exaggerations, we freely admit, but "Is there a man with soul so dead who never to himself has said: 'Here is a peach of a chance to beat the other fellow's time'?"

And so, gentle folk, judge us not harshly but take everything in the spirit it is offered, and we say unto you, "Thou shalt find herein in twelve point type the ambitions and worldly deeds of the Class of 1913, all reduced to a fine precipitate by the chemistry of the Board's honest labor."

THE EDITORIAL BOARD.

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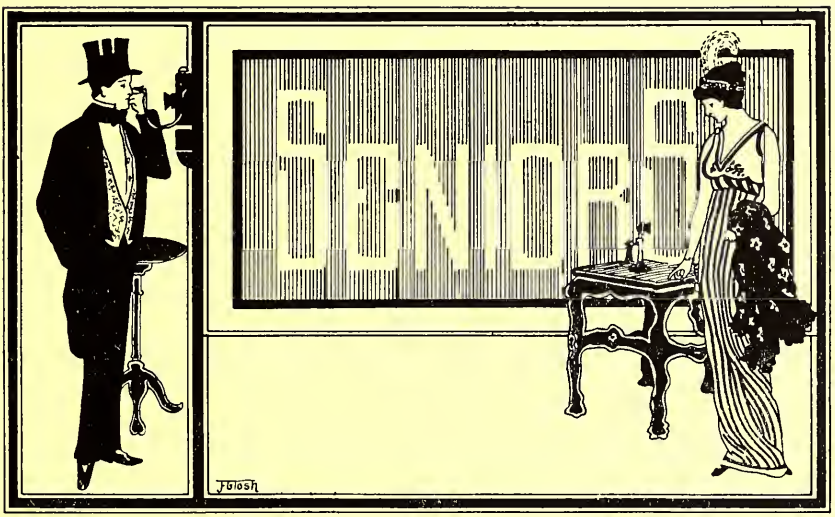
* Resigned


GENOA

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Vice President	Ethel Greene
Secretary	Douglas S. Campbell
Treasurer	Bertine Squire
Sergeant-at-Arms	Walter E. Miller
Chairman of Social Committee	Ella M. Coates

WILHELM A. MOELLER "Binny"
Case

"I know thee for a man of many thoughts"

ETHEL GREENE "Greenie"

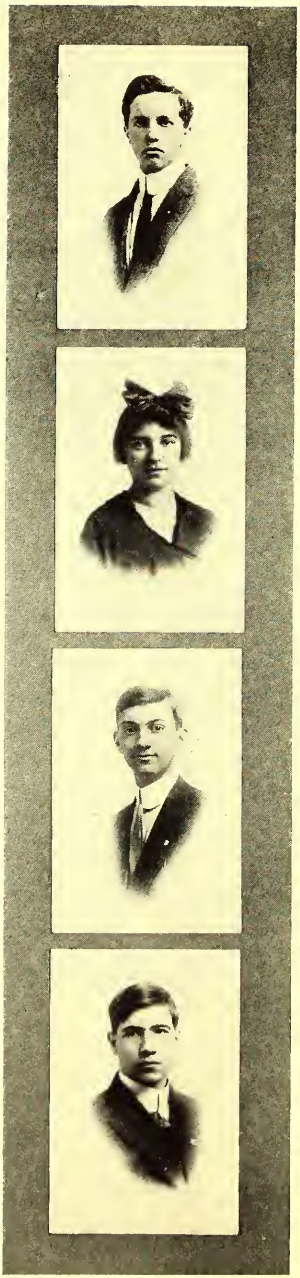
"Her modest looks, the cottage might adorn"

DOUGLAS S. CAMPBELL "Doug"
Case

"One may say that his wit shines at the expense of his memory"

BERTINE SQUIRE "Bert"
Milwaukee Downer

"A sweet, attractive kind of grace"



CASPER DORER "Kate"
Case

"A closed mouth catches no flies"

FLORENCE LINDSLEY "Flo"

"Much wisdom often goes with fewest words"

JOHN R. BLOSS "Sis"
Case

"He was an 'armour des filles'"

GEORGE CLEVELAND "Sixth City"

"He was a good man and a just"

WALTER E. MILLER "Mike"

Case

"I awoke one morning and found myself famous"

GEORGE C. KOHL "Kohlie"

"The thorn"

ELLA M. COATES "Ell"

Columbia

"Ne'er the rose without the thorn"

ROLAND FREEMAN "Whitey"

Case

"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthuse"

EDWARD KLAAS "Eddie"
Case

"O this learning, what a thing it is"

ROBERT HAMBERGER "Hot dog"

"He dwells in the Halls of Fame"

LOUISE ZILLES "Dot"
Ohio State

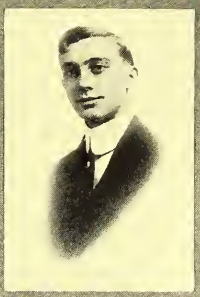
"Let's go hand in hand, not one before another"

ERNEST NYGREN "Nig"
Case

"Happy am I; and from care I'm free"

JAMES COREY "Parson"

"Thou art long and lank and brown"



FLORENCE LINDELIUS "Lindy"

Pratt Institute

"Infinite riches in a little room"

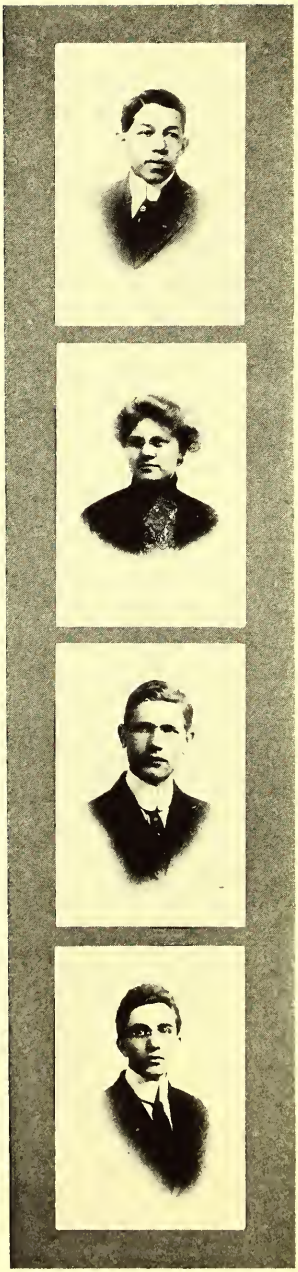
CARL GANZENMUELLER "Ganzie"

Case

"The power of thought the magic of the mind"

ISAAC MAIRSOHN "Ike"

"Quiet as a mouse?"



OSCAR ROSENBLATT "Rosie"

"Wise to resolve and patient to perform"

MARGURITE MOULTON

"A maiden meek and mild"

WALTER WEENICH "Walt"

"Virtue is bold and goodness never fearful"

EUGENE WOLF "Gene"

"A wise man never loses anything"

VERNE RESEK

Case

"'Tis not an empty name"

PEARL LOOMIS "Pearlie"

Case

"Deaf to mad ambition's call"

ETTA RADWAY "Rad"

Columbia

"Sweetness and goodness in her person shown"

RUFUS ULLMAN "Oscar"

Univ. of Penn.

"A man I am crossed with adversity"

CARL DAVID "Apollo"
Case

"I am as sober as a judge"

RUTH MOYER
Oberlin

"Your heart's desires be with you"

HENRY GOTTLIEB "Henri"
Case

"Like a circle ending never
Does my tongue go on forever"

RALPH DITTOE "Dit"

"If flunk we must, the Lord's will be done"

MARIE BIENERTH "Beany"
Ohio State
"Love me little, love me long"

VICTOR LISTER "Vick"
"E's with ease"

ARLINE DAHLER "Pennies"
Normal
"Is she not passing fair?"

HENRY P. BOGGIS "Henri"
Cornell
"He was incapable of a mean or questionable act"

RALPH CANFIELD "Cannie"

"A rival to sunshine"

EVERETT JONES "Jonesie"

"I don't believe she's met me"

PHILLETA GILL

"For all that fair is, is by nature good"

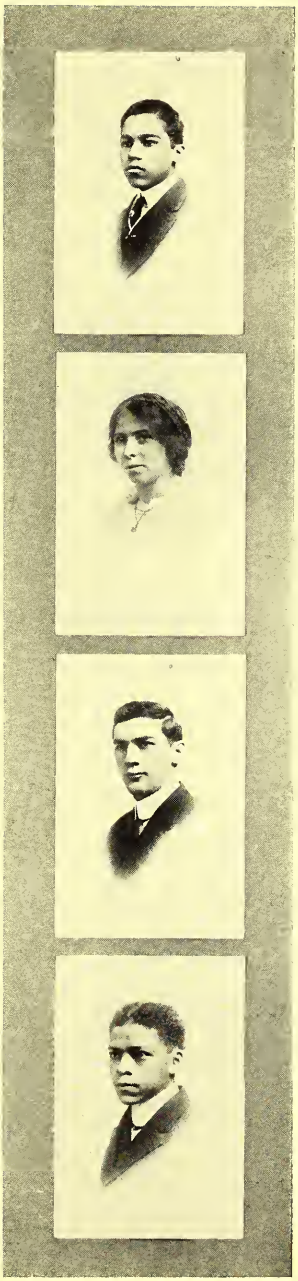
HINSDALE LANPHEAR "Hinnie"

Ohio State

"As kind as a king on his coronation day"

DILLARD FIRSE "Dill"
Case

"Life is just as all things show it"



CHARLOTTE SOUL

"Silence is the perfectest herald of joy"

WILLIAM GOTTLIEB "Bill"

"What can't be cured
Must be endured"

ARTHUR BOLDEN "Art"
Case

"We grant although he had much wit
He was very shy in using it"

EDWARD KLEE "Moll"

"Men, highminded men"

Case

JENNIE TYERS

"Grace was in her step,
In every gesture dignity"

FRED G. GLOSH "Shrimp"

Brown

"My heart is true as steel"

CHRISTINE FITCH

"The very flower of youth"

THOMAS H. MATHER "Tommy"
Case

"Doth thou love life"

HAROLD MOG "Doris"
Case

"The mildest manners with the bravest mind"

RUTH SIHLER "Rootsie"

"A rose is sweeter in bud than full bloom"

MYRON H. MORREAU "Frenchy"
Cornell

"May you live all the days of your life"

HOWARD HOUCK "Oward"
Case

"He was so good, he would pour rose water on a toad"

EDNA MARSHALL

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance"

QUIN MONTGOMERY "Monty"
Case

"Alway occupied with his duty"

ROYAL WEIDNER "Hacksaw Liz"

"To be great is to be understood"

ALLEN PRICE "Al"

Ohio State

"I will speak as liberal as the air"

FRANK HARMON "Frankie"

Case

"Old I am for ladies' love unfit"

DORA GIZEWSKA "Do"

"Zealous yet modest, patient of toil"

ARNO E. FRITZSCHE "Fritz"

Case

"A deed without a name"

BEN LICHT "Benny"

"Let thy words be few"

ABE HIMMELSTEIN "Abe"

"It is better to wear out than to rust out"

ROSE BLOCH "Rosie"

"Innocence in genius and candor in power"

ERLAU PROSSER "Pros"

Case

"Too bad, as he was such a ladies' man"

RICHARD TAPPENDEN "Dick"

"May your shadow never grow shorter"

RUTH McWATTERS

"How sweet and fair is she"

VERNER MATHEWS "Mat"

"A minister but still a man"

WADE SCHWARTZENBERG "Schwartzy"

Ohio State

"Whose little body lodged a mighty mind"

JOHN L. MOONEY "Irish"
Case

"He is a quiet youth—at times"

PAUL V. JONES "Pewee"
Case

"Young in years, in judgment old"

CAROLINE WILDER "Carrie"

"With hair as red as the setting sun"

CHARLES SOMMERS "Charlie"

"Every inch a gentleman"

STANLEY COBBLEDICK "Cobble"
Case

"Beware the fury of a patient man"

RAY PRITCHARD "Pritch"
Case

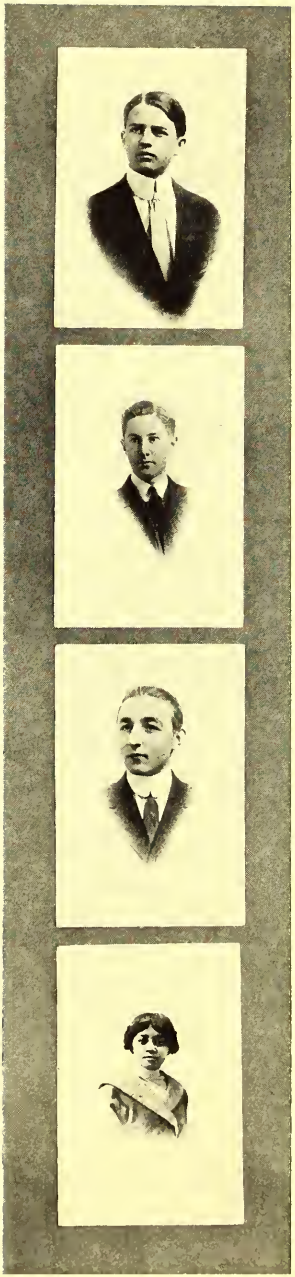
"The will to do, the soul to dare"

WILLIAM FARMER "Bill"
Case

"His deeds speak his praises"

ALICE BREWER

"If ladies be but young and fair
they have the gift to know it"



FOREST BASTER "Woodsie"
Case

"For he was just the quiet kind"

WALLACE PIGGOTT "Piggy"
Case

"The Lord helps those who help themselves"
(But the Lord help Piggott if he tries it around here)

BAINBRIDGE FOSTER "Bun"
Boston Polytech

"He loved his kind but sought the love of few"

CLARA GRANT

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind"

HOWARD ROSE "Rosie"

Ohio State

"His brow was wet with honest sweat"

GERTRUDE OSBORN "Gertie"

"Joy rises in her like a summer morn"

MATHEW GARVEY "Matt"

"His head is as firm as a stone"

ALBERTA SCHAEFER

"Her path seems gay with flowers and sunshine"

WALTER R. GRISWOLD "Grizzly"
Case

"As merry as the day is long"

BESSIE VAN TRESS "Bess"

"She hath a daily beauty in her life"

ADELBERT ZWICKER "Addie"

"Too good for the rest of us mortals"

ELMER PANHORST "Pannie"

"He has an honest heart"

FRANK ERBEN "Greek"

"Though he be gruff, he is kind"

JOSEPH BLAHA "Jack"

"Gloomy as night he stands"

MILDRED SMITH "Mil"

"They are never alone that are accompanied by noble thoughts"

GIRALDUS ROACH "Minnie"
Case

"The noble lord is a Rupert of debate"

JOHN CULLEN "Jack"

"For even though vanquished he could argue still"

ALBERT SCHEEL "Al"

Case

" 'Tis only noble to be good"

RUTH BLOSS

Columbia

"I know everything except myself"

HARRY H. STAIR "Ham"

Case

*"And he could 'Le francais bien parle.' "**

*Editor's note—We don't know what it means either.

CLARENCE S. MARTIN "Mart"

Case

"A man of pleasure is a man of pains"

JOSEPH J. WILCOX "Joe"

Boston Polytech

"The lion is not so fierce as painted"

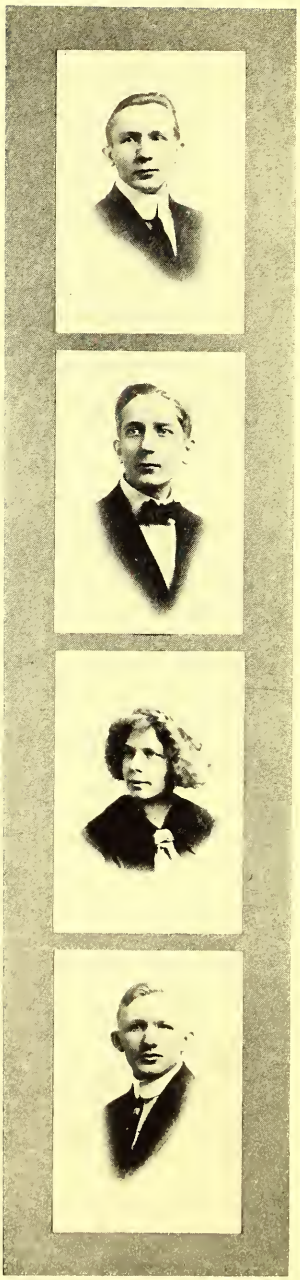
MARGUERETTA HUNTLEY

Lake Erie College

"I am always in haste but never in a hurry"

ARTHUR NEFF "Art"

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit"



ANTON HUMEL "Tony"

"Great men are not always wise"

LODY HUML

Annapolis

"I have no parting sigh to give"

PEARL RENZ

Post-Graduate Course

"Speak low if you speak of love"

ARTHUR BIRD "Chick"

Case

"He reads much, he is a close observer"

CECIL H. COLE "Cease"

Case

"I had a dream which was not a dream at all"

IRMA MALM

Normal

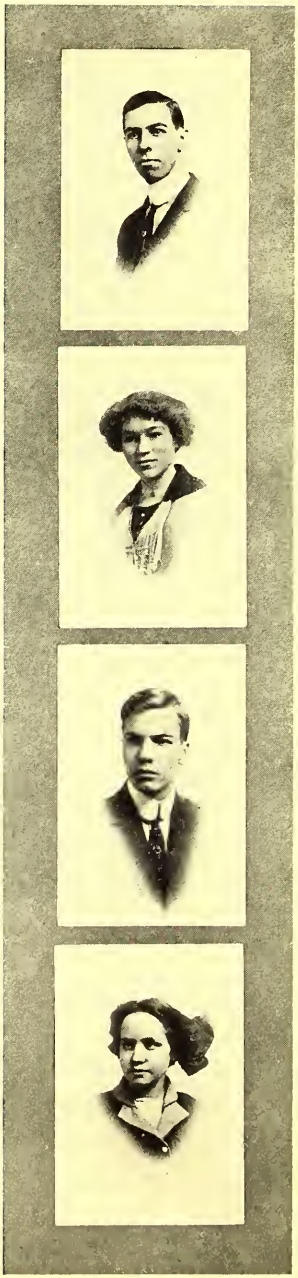
"Her eyes are blue as the dome above"

JOSEPH HARMACEK "Joe"

"A high look and a proud heart"

ROBERT SUNDAY "Bob"

"Still idle with a busy air"



ARTHUR KEIFER "Art"
Case

"None so blind as those who will not see"

ELSA NOACK
Ohio State

"The more the merrier"

HENRY D. FALLS "Howling Henri"
Case

"For every why he has a wherefore"

RUBY ALLIS

"She was fair to the eye"

LLOYD FEDER "Fed"
Case

"He, the sweetest of all players"

MILDRED BRUMBAUGH "Broom"
Normal

"The gentle mind by gentle deeds is known"

ARTHUR H. JOHNSON "Art"
Case

"Full of wise saws and modern instances"

EARL DONOGHUE "Venus"
Case

"Heaven gives its favorites early death"

LILLIAN NAROVEC "Lil"

Ohio State

"There's a good time coming"

JOHN F. McKAY "Mac"

"None like him on earth"

LUCILLE SAURWEIN "Lucy"

Columbia

"Always talking out loud when silence should prevail"

GEORGE THOMPSON "Tom"

"I never did nothin' to nobody"

LOUIS M. COHN "Cawn"
Case

"I would rather be right than president"

A. FRIEDLE "Fedie"

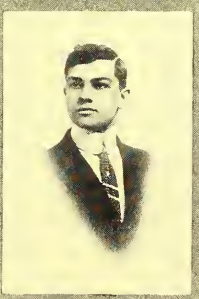
"Give a man rope enough and he will hang himself"

FLORENCE HAEFELI "Floss"

"Two heads are better than one"

EARL L. TINDALL "Tiny"

"And puts himself upon his good behavior"



FLORA EHLERT "Flo"

Ohio State

"Her air, her manners, all who saw admired"

AMANDUS JORDAN "Ammie"

Case

"Silence sweeter is than speech"

WILLIAM TODL "Bill"

Case

"The face, the index of a feeling mind"

EDWARD I. BUELL "Eddie"

Case

"As long as Edward rules the land
no quiet will you know"

LUCILLE KING

Carnegie Tech

"Fair words never hurt the tongue"

HOWARD ULLMAN "Adolf"

Univ. of Penn.

"I am resolved to grow fat and look young"

RUTH LEWIS "Lew"

"As frank as rain on a cherry blossom"

LESLIE REARDON "Les"

"So wise and so young"

OSCAR STEINER "Odskar"

Case

"Knowledge is power"

HELEN KINTZLER

"The hand that hath made you wise,
hath made you fair"

Kindergarten College

RICHARD BUBNA "Dick"

"Beware the fury of a patient man"

ALBERT VOPALECKY "Al"

Ohio State

"He is well paid that is well satisfied"

LEONARD F. LOHISER "Wap"

Ohio State

"Nothing is but what is not"

JOHN YOUNGER "Jawn"

"And such men were made to be loved"

ALICE PADDOCK "Allie"

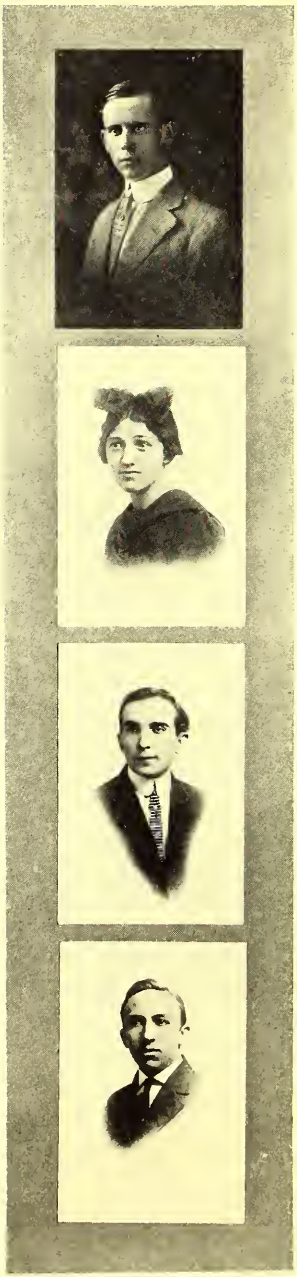
Pratt Institute

"A general favorite"

RAY D. HORN "Toot"

Case

"I shall be as secret as the grave"



RAYMOND FIX "Ray"

"It would talk; Lord, how it talked"

MAYBELL RICHMOND

"Simple maiden void of art"

ROBERT MELBOURNE "Mel"

"I have gained my experience"

LOUIS ROEGER "Lou"
Case

"It's clever, but is it art"

ROBERT GRANT "Bobby"

"The childhood shows the man"

NORMAN BROWN "Nor"

"He was as firm as the northern star"

OUIDA SIMMONS

"Daintiest last, to make the end most sweet"

Columbia

WILLIAM VOORHEES "Willie"

"Oh, that I had wings like a turtle-dove"

CARL CARLSON "Carlie"

"A man of pleasure is a man of pains"

RHEA HAMBURGER

"A companion that is cheerful"

DOMINICK LAURIENZO "Domy"

"Lots of noise from a little horn"

Kenyon

GEORGE JAKUBOWSKI "Bones"

"Fading from the public eye"

FLORENCE HASERODT "Flo"

"'Tis good to be merry and wise"

Pictures for the Following Will Be Found in the Rogues Gallery

CLEO CLOGG "Daddy"
"At last thou art gone"

HARRY LEONARD "Big Stiff"
"I've lived and loved"

ALFRED COTESWORTH "Alf"
"Give me neither poverty nor riches"

ALFRED HENDERSON "Al"
"The ladies look and he cares not"

ABRAHAM SHAPERO "Abe"
"Grieve not for what is past"

ALBERT CONOGHAN "Bert"
"And feel that I am happier than I do know"

FANNY PLAMPER "Fann"
"Meek and gentle am I"

WALTER HAGEDORN "Kid"
"Let thy words be few"

CARL W. SCHEUCH "Dude"
"Vanity thy name is Scheuch"

BRADFORD K. BURLIN "Dutch"
"A still small voice"

R. THOMSON "Tom"
"His name is little known yet"

LILLIAN KROMPA "Lil"
"Let thy words be few"

OTTO HENSE "Ott"
"Please go 'way and let me sleep"

ARTHUR SCHLENKER "Schlenk"
"I am slow of study"

WILLIAM LONGFIELD "Nut"
"But still he talked"

VINCENT SZCZEPANSKI "Vin"
"I'll give you leave to call me anything"

JOSEPH ESTRIN "Esther"
"Good talkers are not always pretty"

WILLIAM KRAUS "Bill"
"He is a likely lad"

ANNA BARTON "Ann"
"A quietness of spirit"

FRANCIS S. HASEROT "Hassie"
"Pride was not made for men"

MARTIN J. BRENNEN "Mart"
"Wit will shine"

CHARLEY KRUMHANSL "Chuck"
"Great thoughts come from the heart"

GEORGE BALDWIN "Baldie"
"None but himself can be his parallel"

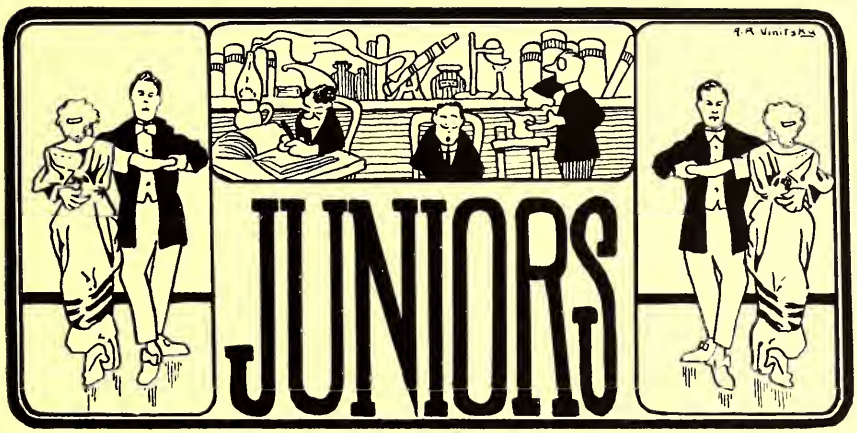
RAY LOWE "Slats"
"Let his name be spake low"

HAROLD BAKER "Whitey"
"A clear conscience is a sure card"

PETER BRANDT "Pete"
"Let thy words be few"

LOUIS ESTERLINE "Junk"
"A man after his own heart"

BOLESLAW KOZIKOWSKI "Boley"
"What's in a name?"


JUNIORS

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7	Gertrude Frater
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	Effie Marek
	Marion McDonald
	Margaret Poplowzky
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13	Fred Neinhauser
14	Earl Erskine
	Eugene Lehman
18	Carl Hamburger
19	Joseph Brihacek
	Norwood Echers
	Arthur Neate
	Charles Unger
101	Adelbert Morgan
	Clarence Erney
	William Schmieletzky
	Ralph Urbanowicz
	Ray Hodgins
	Walter Purvis
	Erich Martienssen
102	Ralph Hiteshew
	Walter Holley
	Arthur Huntley
	Clarence Jorgensen
	Roy Moepps
	Charles Oppenheimer
	Oscar Schettler
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	Harry Gundstein
	Walter Hoffman
	Oscar Howard
	Dwight Johnson
	Ernest Pike
	William Strief
	Francis Tenbusch
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105	Raymond Baldwin
	Hilliard Diener
	Cecil Duncan
	Royal Prouty
	Harvey Schroeder
106	Roy Kerslake
	Glenn Lucky
	Ralph Taylor
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115	H. O. Bonfield
	H. Boulton
	C. Korbek
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	H. Fergus
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	Arthur Neff
	Albert Johnson

117	Ben Koshitz
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	Ben Sezin
	Zigmund Salit
	John Schimkola
	Carl Spacek
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	Wilbur De Graff
	Frank Dettman
	Herbert Haserodt
	Robert Kopittke
	Everett Schmidt
	Herman Stegkamper
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	Lawrence Jemburg
	Irving Baker
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	Lee Clegg
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	Virgil Gaines
	Edwin Graver
	Russell Hebebrand
	Raymond Johnson
	Oliver McIntire
	Roy Mead
	Hugh Smith
	Ray Todd
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	Leona Beck
	Evelyn Baepple
	Rose Cohn
	Norma Calquhoun
	Helen Crossmeyer
	Henrietta Meyers
203	Clyde Callendar
	Arthur Darmstadter
	Albert Eichorn
	Earnest Peiser
	Albert Sandrowitz
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	Elwyn Honeisen
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	Edwin Truthan
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	Maurita Rightmire
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	Euphemia Boynton

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	Harry S. McQuilkin
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215	Henry Dauber
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219	Willian Nenadad
	Otto Federman
220	Fabian Castella
	Rohil Grove
	Frank J. Humel
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	Raymond Smith
	Henry Marmith

7 Isabel Jack
Grace Schwegler

8 Abe Meyer

14 Raymond Amundsen
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Arthur Griese
Joe Janrowsky
George Knoll
Arnold Lehman
James Stetina

18 Charles Petucka
Altin Thomas
Felix Raufman
Herbert Herbst
Ernest Boggs
Martin Sebesta

19 Leonard Ruminsky
Roy Radway
Irving Stewart

101 Gustave Schoensee
Gaius Vaughn

102 John Bailey
Waldo Emerson
Harry Engel
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William Hutchins
William Hyland
Ralph Lamb
Harold Palmer
Frank Pocta
Carl Shattuck

103 Dell Baster
Kenneth Burton
Ray Hamilton
Walter Pike
Ben Sawyer
Ernst Schulz

104 Lloyd Aldrich
Charles Manner
William Scharlotte
Frank Svoboda
Marlowe Weaning
George Yearley

105 Carrol Bartlett
Samuel Deise
William Enger
Francis Merriman
Henry Rand
Frederick Wise

106	Jake Beyer
	Robert Cutts
	Burman Smith
	Leland Prior
	John Sherman
	John Shumaker
107	George Capran
	Carl Eichler
	Robert Gauromsky
	Otto Johnson
	Samuel Klein
	Austin Klein
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	Doirance Goddard
	Robt. Ruzicka
	Harry Strohm
	Irving Whiting
	Don Whitney
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	George Frank
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	Roy Kimpel
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	Ivan Wolf
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116	Harold Rogers
117	Frank Baumgartner
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	Louis Cart
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	Charles Kos
	Charles Rudinger
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	Howard Edwards
	John Ejbl
	Carl Murowski
	Russell Staub
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	S. Dean
	H. Schempp
	H. Erdman
	O. Krejacik
	H. Dosey
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	Homer McCarty
	Clarence Norris
	Arthur Ohnacker
	Sam Ruddock
	Edwin Shirley
	Howard Snyder
	Clyde Saylor
203	Claude Artell
	Fred Handler
	Erwin Polcar
	Ben Spaeth
	Howard White

204 Elizabeth Jones

205 Wm. Dempsey
Wm. Donolene
John Richard
Anthony Lehreener
George Sterkel
Alphonse Beckerle
Wm. Calull
Charles Vonek

206 Floyd Beswick
Carrol La Du
Nathaniel Matson

207 Olinda Braunlick
Grace Grubb
Hazel Hammink
Nellie Kent
Marie Koontz
Florence Leibold
Aline Mog
Laura Prindle
Irma Rodgers

208 Mary Slimm
Mary Wick
Jennie Fitch
Mary Grimm
A. Fuldaner
D. Luchman
M. Peckham

209 Harold Gray
Robert Rollands

213 Gilbert Bussel
William Deisher
Walter Hathaway
Willard Kehres
Edgar Laferty
Edwin Leonard
Stanley McAlpine
Roger McCune
Carl R. Meyfarth

214 E. H. Fritzsche
Raymond Labbie
Austin B. A. Duncan
J. Barton Bates
Steve S. Martin

215 Geo. Glazier
Andrew Shastock
Frank Voyshrill

219 Isadore Landy
Fred Wiener
John Marquart
Frank Gibbhart
Leo Friedman
Paul Polatsek

220 Everett Carlson
Joe Engelhart
David Micherofski
Philip Schoenburg

302 Evelyn Agen
Louise Anderson
Dorothy Le Morne
Celea Vlach
Marie Warmuth

305 Anna Bistricky
Mildred King
Austro Raufman
Myrtle Seith
Anna White

306 Elsie Feig
Edith Genevieve Cottier
Priska Kubach
Gladys Troescher

307D Virgie Barton
Helen Belohouleck
Ethel Brown
Ethel Bryan
Gertrude Jensen
Margaret Naab
Ruth Palmer
Olga Schindelholz
Mildred Skala
Mary Vosatka
Seymour Trattner

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	Florence Krum
	Lucile Reef
	Marguerite Schurhouse
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	May Hinske
	Verlinda Timmons
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	Leo Conway
	Otto Nezbeda
	Otakar Zemman
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	Frank Gill
	Chas. Gibson
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	D. G. Jaeger
	William Hagley
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	Donald Pierce
	Donald Schelling
	Donald Turner
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	Norman Turk
	Freeman Fisk
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	Walter Kohn
	Benjamin Krantz
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	Alice Eger
	Julia Empkey
	June Little
	Marie Pinkava
	Marion Rehmar
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	Perry Childs
	Gerald Coleman
	Robert Crawford
	Charles Fleming
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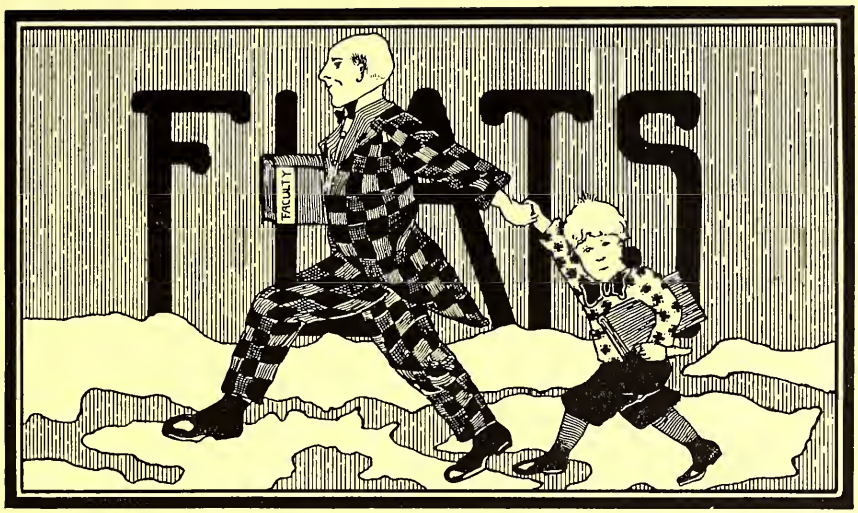

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roserignall
marvelsebert

8 haroldbennet
cyrildandridge
samuelettinger
juliusfischer
rayheberlein
maxkohrman
nathanlackritz
albertlang
harveylipstreu
johnschleimer
andrewlebusch
gilbertshannon
edwardmcphillips
williamsimon

13 normanruecke
nathancohen
charlespelikan
rocconavario

14 orlenbeckstead
henrybellohonbels
albertbird
georgebudden
clarencebubna
alfredcaris
herbertpuerr
frankhavel
mathiashomigan
gordonpatterson
arthurshafronek

18 belakasper
jamesplantner
cliffordkumler

19 josephbubna
williammartin
ralphproutz
ernestsehnitz
karlshimmon
karlstimae
rudolphsherl
georgerunt
thomasgodley
arthurweber
ernestweiss
charlesmolien

101 williammiller

102 williambailey
nelsonlaganke
charleslewis
herbertrobinson
vaughanrobson
lloydtaylor
wilburthomas
charleswright

103 arthurcohn
lestercooley
rowlandcukr
harrydeckand
maxdiamond
pauldittoe
herbertherbel
lesterjohnson
hughkellackey
williammertz
josephsilver
ralphsweeney
fredwenger

104 barnetbaker
marionbeck
samuelbronsky
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benestrein
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alberthanlin
robertlorman
leonrason
harryschwartz
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d.m.williamson

105 russelfulton
arthurgalbraith
allengreen
johnmcwilliam
cliffordrussel
georgeshulson
floydspencer
donaldmuger
ivorwilliams

106 georgearnold
gordoncobbledick
georgenelson
georgereed
ernesthorna
arthurwadsworth
danaclark
harveykoester
williamwarren
lewissherman

107 aaronalbert
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hugogreenwald
howardkirby
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walterwilhelm
jackstirm

108 haroldcohn
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rudolphray
melvinnewman
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willnewkirk
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fredwalker

115 m.j.bechhold
c.l.hersley
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e.schultz
j.vamvye

116 maxgreenfield
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aaronsalzman

117 davidbaronsky
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118 herbertbell
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myrtleschnittker
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205 jamesvolney
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josephpocta
williamzaun

206 russellboggs
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fredwalker
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gilbertwinslow

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frankjanacek
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marywest
dorothywollermann
florencewalker

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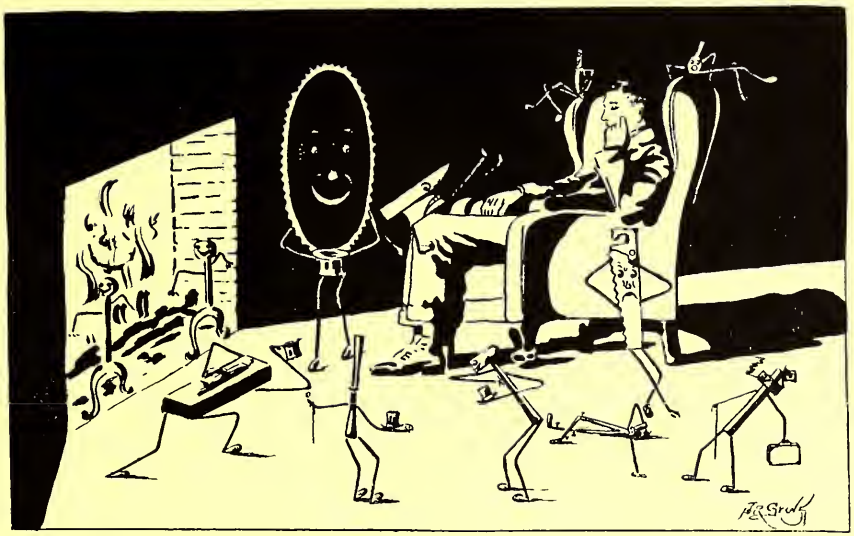


The Tools' Convention

A SAVORY birthday dinner, snugly tucked away under my waistcoat, was causing me great discomfort, which increased when I realized that I had a long history lesson to prepare for the next day's recitation. The lesson was on the Constitutional Convention and the three Compromises. I tried to memorize the names of some of the most prominent delegates with the states from which they came, but their names mingled in a hopeless tangle.

I sat looking into the fire. My book had fallen to the floor, but I studied on. I could see the large hall in which they had assembled, but it seemed strangely familiar. Suddenly a door burst open and in rushed a Band-saw pulling off his gloves and depositing

them in his silk hat. From his self importance one would have imagined him to be a Band-major. The doors opened again to admit a motley crowd of jostling, laughing, scrambling Tools. There were Tools from every kind of shop, all mingling together and in the best of spirits. The Band-saw greeted them with a stiff bow and took his place in a raised chair at one end of the hall.

A few minutes later the Band-saw called the Convention to order and announced in a harsh, rasping voice: "Friends and Brother Tools, we are assembled here today for the purpose of discussing the subject, 'The proper use and method of handling Boys' (applause). We have for some time forced ourselves upon Boys who were not competent to handle us and they have done work, and I am sorry to say, spoiled work which they never should have touched. Let us come to some definite understanding as to our relation to the Boy and hereafter strive to aid and educate him in our proper usage." The Saw sat down amidst a roar of applause and quietly arranged some sawdust near him on a table.

The discussion became loud and hot. The Plane accused the Sandpaper of doing work which should have been left for him. The Sandpaper told the Plane that he was a rough-working fellow

and was unable to do the work which was expected from him. The Plane grew angry and said, "You are nothing but a sand-backed piece of paper that works so slowly that the Boys all detest you. You should be in the waste can."

The Sandpaper answered, "I refuse to converse with so ungentlemanly a Tool as you, sir." Turning upon his heel he walked away, the sand standing in rough beads upon his face.

The Gouge from the turning shop gave an interesting talk on the classes of Boys. He said in part: "Boys may be divided into three distinct classes: First, The boy who could do good work but does not try; second, the boy who works hard and accomplishes things; lastly, the boy who finds it difficult to learn no matter how hard he may work. The first class of boy I have always hated, laughed at, and played tricks upon. Possibly if we would do better by this class of fellow, he would take more interest in our work and become more expert in our use. The second class of Boy I love and do my very best for because some time he will become my master and I wish a good master. The last class of Boy has my sympathy and it surely is our duty always to do the best we can for him. He may never become an expert but we can make life more happy and easy for him by doing what is right by him."

When the Gouge finished tears might have been seen trickling down many steel faces. Possibly they remembered some poor fellow they had tortured, not because he had treated them badly but because he had been so stupid.

The Anvil protested, "I do not think it right to do so much for these fellows when they in return misuse us so. Here is myself, for instance. I receive more knocks than all the other tools in the Forge Shop."

"Well, but you see you are so hard," exclaimed the Tongs.

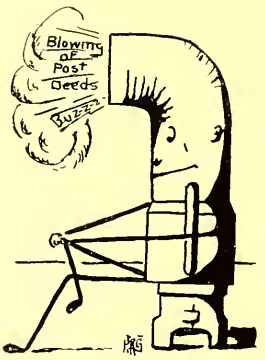
"Bosh!" retorted the Anvil, "I tell you I will not stand it another day. I am going to strike!"

The Sledge patted Mr. Anvil upon his shoulder and said: "You had better leave that job for me, old man."

The Anvil wheeled about, but upon seeing who it was, quietly sat down again.

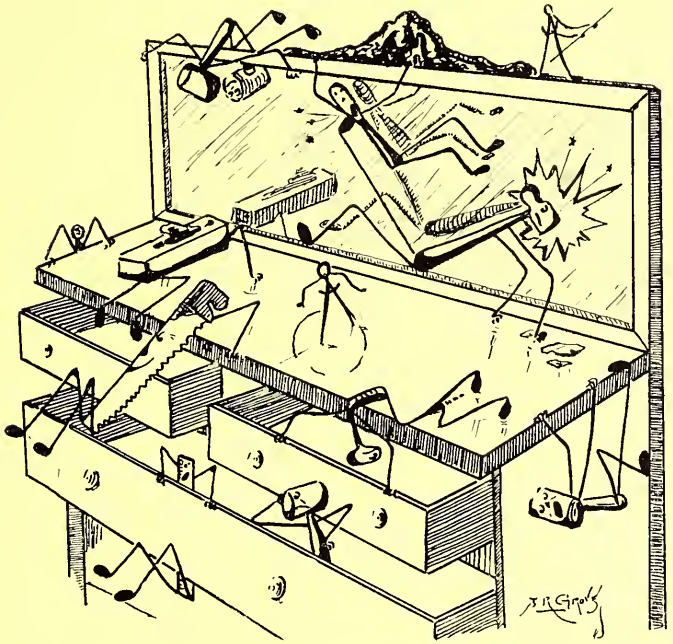
The Cupola was at the convention also, but he did not take a very active stand in any of the discussions. Possibly he enjoyed burning fingers too well to speak any fiery words upon the subject discussed.

The delegates from the machine shop took a gallant stand for a Progressive movement. The Shaper drew up a Declaration stating: "That the undersigned would protect and assist all Boys in their efforts to become first class workmen; That they would shield them from injury and report all violators of the rule." This paper was passed around and signed by nearly all the Tools. The Cupola was very busy blowing about some of his past deeds and did not notice the paper when it was passed to him.



After this the Convention was adjourned until the following day. The Tools formed in groups and talked pleasantly with each other. The Planer was telling a group of Pattern-Making Tools, about a new breed of dogs he owned. He said they were called Split Dogs and were in many respects better than the common dog, although they were weaker. The two breeds of dog had to be separated as they had a deadly hatred for each other. For this purpose a tool room had been built and the Split Dogs were carefully taken care of in it.

The Shaper told a thrilling story of how one day while at work he became tired and took a little rest. The Boy that was operating him naturally thought something was wrong so he picked up a hammer and wrench to fix him. The Shaper realized his danger,



well knowing he would be fixed if he ever let the Boy get near him. He tried to start but could not. He could see the Boy's teeth set in a confident way and knew by his eye that no good could come to himself so with a superhuman effort he plunged forward. The boy was awe stricken. His work might be ruined by this sudden action. He thoughtlessly grasped the Shaper and tried to retain it with his own puny strength. The Shaper scoffed at him and rushed on. The Boy's reward for his recklessness was a spoiled piece of work and a badly cut finger. "And," the Shaper slowly added, "that Boy was a senior."

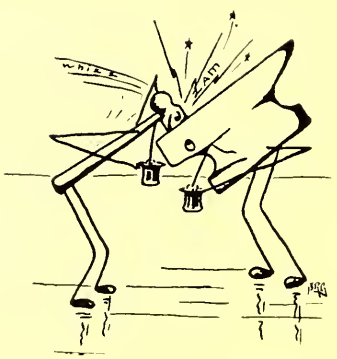
A Springfield lathe was telling a friend about a junior who had great confidence in himself and could always give advice to

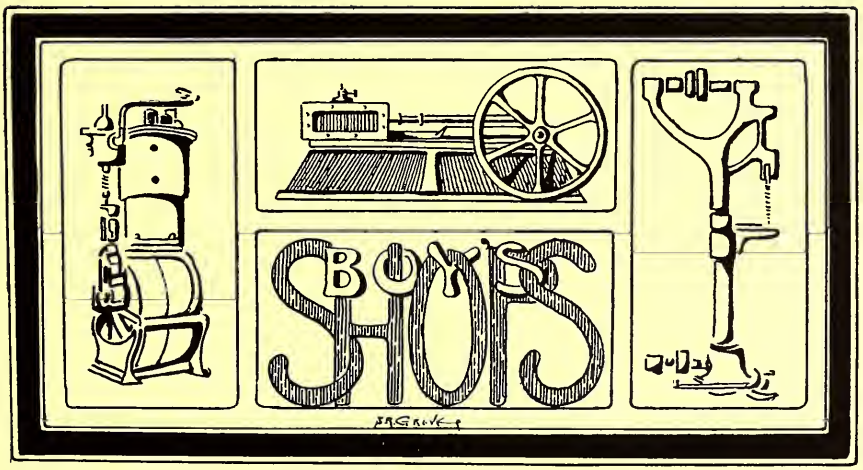
the other fellows. One day while cutting screw threads he wished to stop his machine quickly, so instead of throwing off the power, he grasped the screw threads which calmly cut corresponding threads in his hand.

A bell suddenly rang out. A sharp little File near me pulled out his watch with a grating sound, glanced at it, then at the clock on the wall and ejaculated, "I'll be hanged! That clock is two hours slow!" Then for the first time I realized I must have been in East Technical High School.

A few moments later I found myself again looking into the fire, my history on the floor at my feet. The clock had just struck twelve. I slowly undressed and with a parting look at the history I sprang into my bed. Long before the clock struck again I was far away from tools or conventions.

Glenn F. Luckey.

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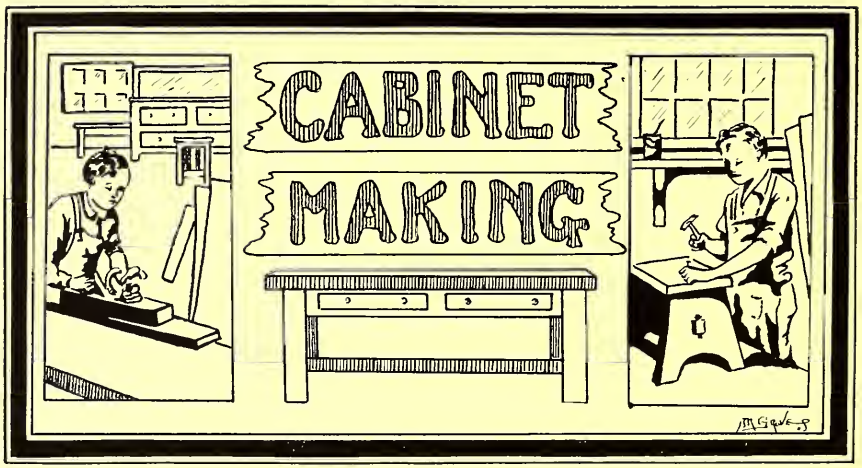


How a Boy Begins his Shop Work

When a freshman comes into the Cabinet Making Shop to begin his technical work his eyes open widely. There he finds the machinery that is going to fulfill his boyhood dreams. The first thing that draws his attention is the tall band-saw and he wonders whether he will ever be allowed to use it. There may be some unfinished work, such as tables, book cases, or chairs in the shop. The sight of these pieces of work kindles his desire and causes him to make up his mind to try as hard as he can to do his work well so that a time will come when he will be able to make these pieces of furniture.

He is told to take a seat upon the platform which later on he finds is used by the pupils whenever the shop-teacher wishes to instruct them about ways of doing certain things. There is a work bench for everyone, and he is delighted to find his equipped with two vises and a drawer containing three chisels and two blades for the planes. On top of the bench is a jackplane, a smoothing plane, a try-square, a ruler and a marking gage while all other

necessary tools can be found in the tool cases which are at one side of the shop room. Pictures placed on each bench illustrate the proper position of the body in holding the tools. These make the instruction clearer and prevent the necessity of repetition on the part of the teacher in giving explanation.

He finds that the number of points credited for technical work is one half of the number of periods given a week to the work. Drawing and shop work are so closely connected that if he fails in one he has to go over both again.

A drawing must be made of the article before the boy is allowed to do any work upon it in the shop. As in Cabinet Making and Wood Turning each boy has his own bench or lathe, so in the Drawing Room everyone has his drawing desk. The desk is equipped with a drawer of instruments. a drawing board and a "T" square. Instruction is then given in the use of the instruments. Each drawing consists of the pencil drawing, the tracing, and the blue print. The first drawing is that of the book-rack, and the others follow in the same order as the articles are made in the shop.

All material used by the young worker is furnished to him at the mill room on the presentation of a mill bill signed by his shop teacher.

In Elementary Cabinet Making a freshman makes a lap joint, to begin with, because it gives him good practice in the uses of some of the tools which are used to do all other work. The next thing made is the bread board, which is a good exercise for teaching the use of the plane. The towel-roller, which is made next, teaches the worker how to make the mortise and tenon joint, also how to make round objects like the the roller with the plane. The book rack is the first article that a freshman is required to make from a drawing. The foot stool is the first piece of real furniture he makes and when he gets so far as to make a tabouret he knows that his dreams are beginning to be realized.

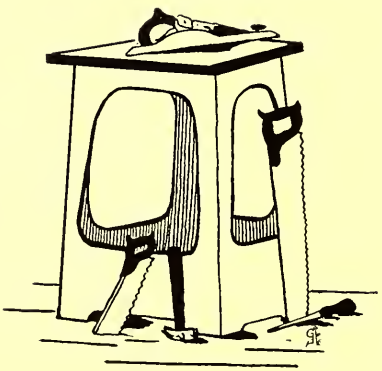
Wood Turning is the work that gives the boy the first chance of working with the lathe. Here he does work that can not be made in the cabinet shop. He is instructed how to handle tools properly and how to make them cut and not scrape. Some exer-

cises are made first, followed by the making of the file and the chisel handles. The awl handle is then made, followed by the darning ball. When the freshman is ready to make the gavel head and handle he can do decent work. Some of the other articles made are the paper file base, picture frame, pin tray, and the napkin ring. The bowl is one of the largest pieces made. It shows good workmanship when done correctly. Special articles, such as Indian clubs and dumb-bells can also be made by the more rapid worker. The young mechanic is proud to take a pair of them home and say "I made them myself." The rolling-pin, mallet and potato masher are some of the other things that can be made in spare time.

In Advance Cabinet Making the first year boy makes simple pieces that he can draw and design himself. The magazine rack, umbrella stand and the library table are some of the articles he can make in the second term. All work as far as the tabouret is required for the first term's work.

When the freshman is ready to be called a sophomore he knows that he has gained a good knowledge of the subjects he has taken up, and if he should ever be called upon to make a drawing, a small piece of furniture, or some object made by turning he knows that he can do it without any hesitancy.

Otto Froehlich, '16.



A New Development in First Year Work

HE time arrangement of Wood Turning and elementary Cabinet Making has always been a puzzling proposition. When the old system of quarterly promotion was used the term of three months was too long for Wood Turning and too short for Cabinet Making. Under the present semester system the problem of shortening the Turning period has been made easier by having Wood Turning the first two months and Cabinet Making the last three. Now a better arrangement will be made by combining the Turning and Cabinet Making in one shop. The new system is to be tried out under the guidance of Mr. Roethlisberger in room 221.

The lathes which are to be used in this new shop are now being finished in our Machine Shop. When finished they will have been made entirely by the students of East Technical High School. The patterns were made in our Pattern Making Shop, the castings in our Foundry and they were finished, ready for use in our Machine Shop.

In the new combined shop the plan is to have the student work one week with the lathe on one side of the room and the next week at the bench on the other side of the room, alternating the work for the term of nineteen weeks. The new system will make the work much more interesting for several reasons, of which the most important are: Neither work will become monotonous to the student; The teacher can get a better idea of the pupils' ability along shop lines; The lathe will be used to good advantage in combining pieces in making furniture requiring some lathe work.

It is sincerely hoped that some very fine work may be turned out under the new system.

T. A. BECKWITH.

The Second Year's Shop Work

THE second year's shop work consists of Pattern-making, Foundry, and Forging.

The Pattern Shop, like the Turning Shop, is equipped with lathes, band-saws, benches, and such tools as the chisel, the plane, the gouge, rules and lathe tools. White pine, mahogany, cherry, red wood and beech are among the woods used, but white pine is used most extensively. In the course of five months a great many patterns are made, such as: Paper File Base; Cylinder; Dumb Bells; Quoits; Bracket and Cores; Pipe Support; Foundation Washer; Bearing; Tool Rest and Lathe Legs. Of these the Lathe Legs is the most difficult both in drawing and in construction.

A blue-print of every piece made must be finished in the Drawing Room before the construction can begin, otherwise it would mean extra work for the boy and a waste of time in the shop.

Pattern-making is the modeling in wood, metal or other material of objects intended to be cast in metal. A pattern is a model of an object to be cast, so arranged and posted that it may be withdrawn from the sand leaving therein an **impression** called a

mold. There are two classes of patterns; The solid pattern and the split pattern. The first consists of but one piece, as in the Paper File Base. The second consists of two or more pieces as in the Dumb Bell.

Every pattern must have a taper called the "draft" so that it can be drawn from the sand without breaking the mold.

A pattern-maker must figure out the shrinkage for his pattern, that is, he must know the shrinkage rates and, knowing this, he must add so much to his regular sized pattern. In addition to this he must allow a certain amount of stock for the "machine finish."

After one pattern has been made it is taken to the Foundry and molded. Alternate work is done in the Foundry and Pattern Shop during the entire term.

In making a mold the first thing that is to be considered is the kind of sand to be used. There are three kinds of sand: Green sand; Loam sand; Dry sand. Green sand is used for small models such as are made in our school. The molding board on which the pattern is placed, must next be considered. A box called the **flask** is placed upon it consisting of two parts, the **cope** which stands uppermost, and the **drag** which underlies.

At first the mold is made up-side-down, the drag being first placed on the molding board. Then it is turned upright and the cope is ready to be made. Just before ramming the sand to fill the cope, a sand called "parting sand" is spread between the cope and drag to keep the sand of the two parts from sticking together, thereby spoiling the mold. Also the sprue pin, a piece of wood as long as the height of the cope, is placed between the two parts to form a hole through which to pore the metal. After the cope is filled, the sprue pin is taken out and the mold is placed on the floor. Then the melted metal is taken out of the cupola, a furnace used for melting metal, and poured into the hole made by the sprue pin and the mold is cast.

The cupola is a furnace lined inside with shell plates riveted together. The shell is washed with fire-clay to enable it to withstand the intense heat. The bottom consists of a series of doors to let the **waste** out at the end of the heat. The tapping hole is located just above the bottom of the cupola to allow some cooling.

Under the semester plan, one entire term is given to Forging. This increases the time of Forging and decreases the time formerly given to Pattern Making.

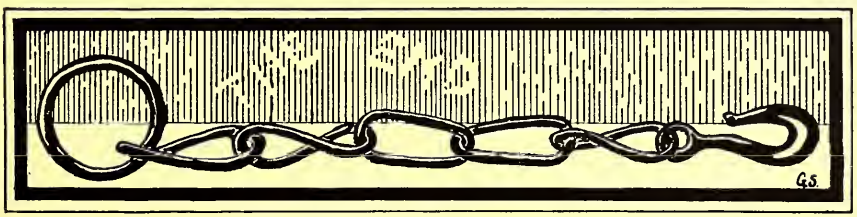
Forging requires a large room, for, when it comes to welding, the sparks fly from twenty to thirty feet. The first thing that can be heard is the blower which furnishes a draft for the fire and increases the heat of the forge.

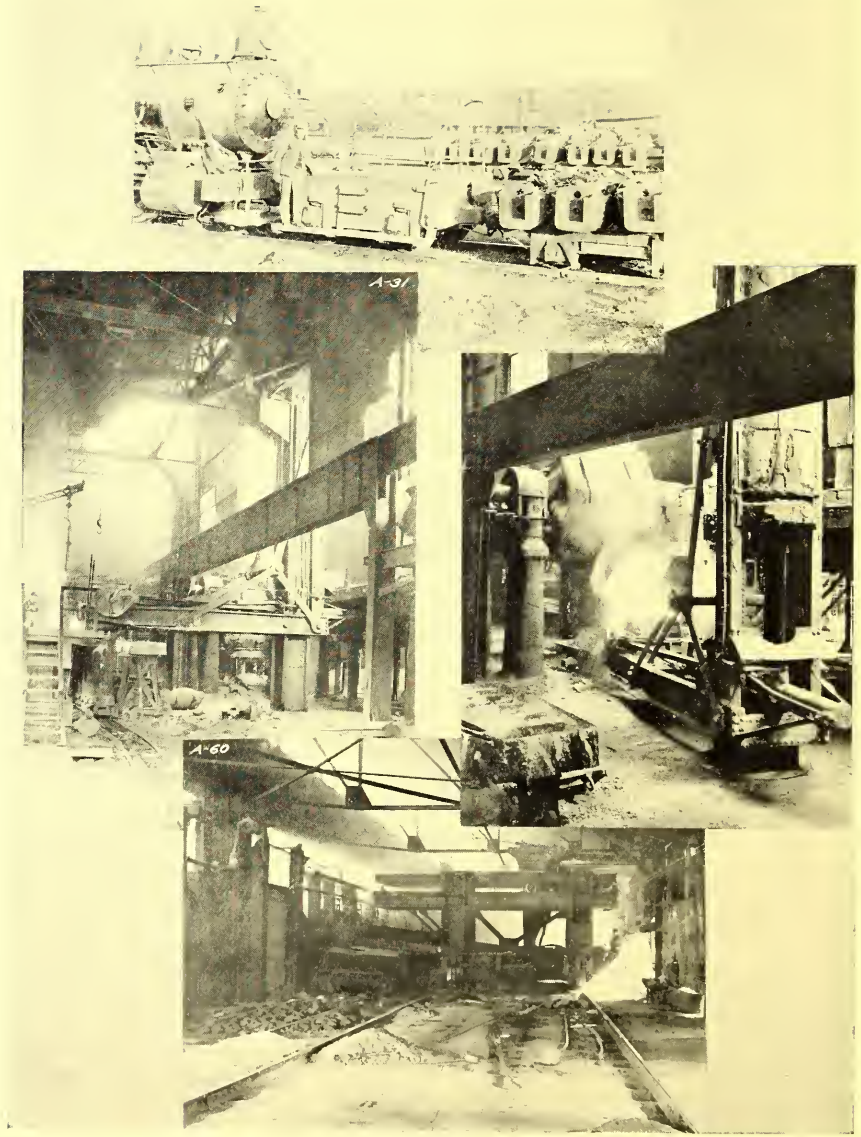
The forge is a fireplace for heating iron and steel and other materials. The most important parts of the forge are the tuyers, the blast pipe, and blast lever. The first lets in the air and gives the fire a draft; The second sucks in the smoke and keeps the shop free from it; The third is the lever for regulating the different heats. The anvil is another important tool which is required in blacksmithing. Other tools are, the hammer, the tongs, the hardie and center punch. The tongs are used for holding the stock. The hardie is used for cutting iron and steel. The center punch is used for laying off measurements.

Here as in every other shop in our school the blue-print drawing is required before starting a piece. During five months, pieces are made in the following order: The ring; S hook; meat hook; gate hook; staples; welding exercises; the welded ring; the chain and hook; the bolt; the wrench; auto tools; lathe tools; fittings for chests, doors and boxes. Those who work faster than the average pupil may make a lamp, andiron or fire-set consisting of shovel, tongs and poker.

After this work of the second year is completed, one term in the Machine Shop the third year finishes a pupil's required shop-work, after which he is given a chance to choose what he likes and to specialize in it for a year and a half.

Joseph Englehart.

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A Trip Through a Steel Plant

AS the result of Mr. Littlefield's interest in his classes and through the kindness of the American Steel and Wire Co., the pupils in forging from the afternoon classes were the interested participants in a delightful trip, December 17th, to the works of the American Steel and Wire Co.

We started from the school at 1:15 o'clock and in less than an hour were standing at the entrance of the plant waiting for our guides. Upon their arrival we were first taken to the "openhearth" furnaces. There were six of these in a row all glowing with heat. All six furnaces are of fifty ton capacity. The charging is done by means of an electric charger which is quite interesting to watch. As I stood there and saw it doing in a few minutes what it would take a dozen men a half hour to do I could not but think how much invention aids labor.

Our guide explained to us that in these furnaces steel could be made having in it any proportion of carbon desired. To do this tests of the metal are made every few minutes and examined in the laboratory. The metal is tapped into a ladle which has a capacity of 60 tons. From this ladle the metal is run into ingots each of which weighs 5,600 pounds. When the ladle is full of metal it is quite a sight to behold, and one which would be hard to imagine even from an excellent description.

Our guide then took us to the "Bessemer" converters. They are large pear-shaped vessels having a capacity of 15 tons. Each one is supported by two pivots midway up on the sides upon which each vessel can be turned and the metal poured out at the top. In the bottom of the converter there are a number of holes called tuyeres through which the blast of air passes. The metal for the converter comes from the blast furnaces. It is poured into the converter in a molten state and the blast of air turned on. The air blowing through the metal increases the heat so that a sufficient amount of carbon and other impurities is burned out in about twelve minutes.

To operate the "Bessemer" converter requires a great deal of experience. The operator knows when the metal is done by the color of the blast at the top of the converter. It is then poured into a ladle and into ingots the same as is the "open-hearth" steel. The "Bessemer" process of making steel is much quicker than the "open-hearth" process and also cheaper. Manganese is added to both "open-hearth" and "Bessemer" steel to toughen it.

From here we were taken into the "blooming" mill. Our guide explained that when the metal from the "open-hearth" is moulded into ingots, before being allowed to cool, it is taken to what is called the "soaking pit" where it is reheated by means of artificial gas for about an hour. The purpose of this is to get it to an even heat all through so that it will be more easily worked. It is then taken into this "blooming" mill and started through a series of rolls. It is moved from one roll to the next by means of electricity. The rolls are kept cool by water running over them. When the ingot has been worked down to a thickness of four inches it goes through the shears and is cut into billets, each one weighing 160 pounds with dimensions of 40" x 4" x 4".

After we had looked at these operations until satisfied we were taken to what is called the "rod" or "Garrett" mill. Here are a long row of rolls similar to those in the "blooming" mill except much smaller. Those billets which were made at the "blooming" mill are reheated and run through these rolls, until on coming out of the last one they are about three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter. Here is where the greatest skill is required, for, when the rod gets down almost to that size, it is run through the rolls at a rate of 1,600 feet per minute. It takes skill acquired by years of practice to catch it with a pair of tongs as it comes out of one roll and to transfer it to the next one. These men receive from eight to ten dollars a day and when doing the fastest work they labor only thirty minutes and rest thirty minutes. These rolls are all run by a 4,500 horse power Allis-Chalmers engine, the drive wheel of which is 24 feet in diameter.

Our guide explained that great precautions were taken to guard against possible accidents. In case a rod should get twisted in the rolls, or anything happen, there is a button within reach of each man which will automatically shut down the engine.

We were next taken to their forge shop which merely keeps their own stock in repair. As we had just taken up the subject of tempering metal in our own shop at school we were very much interested in some work done by one of their experts. He had just made a cold chisel and a center punch and tempered them so perfectly that he was able to drive each of them through a piece of steel two inches thick, and yet one would not know that either of them had ever been used. They also had a pit for hardening such things as rolls for the cold rolling machines. We were told that they had hardened one roll so hard that when one of the men picked it up the heat or moisture from his hands caused it to explode. This hardening is done in the following way: The roll is first heated to a cherry heat. It is then placed in this pit and water is turned onto it from a four inch pipe, which keeps the water around the roll in motion so that steam will not form around it and keep the water from it. In this shop work is done by hand such as tool making and welding.

We were also taken through their machine shop which, like the forge shop, does no outside work, but merely keeps their own stock in repair. Here we saw them making the rolls for the "rod" mill which have to be ground with great accuracy.

After leaving here we thought that we were ready to return home. But to our great surprise we were taken to their reception room and served with a lunch, after which the gentlemen representing the American Steel and Wire Company explained certain points and answered all questions which we had to ask. We then, at Mr. Littlefield's suggestion, expressed our appreciation of the kindness which they had shown us.

J. L. D. C.

The Moving Picture Booth

A number of articles are constructed annually at this school of which the student body knows little or nothing. One of these is the moving picture booth, which has helped to give enjoyable entertainment in the auditorium on several occasions. The object in having a booth of this type is to prevent the spread of flames should a fire break out.

This booth is built of number sixteen gauge sheet iron, which is about 1-16″ thick, mounted upon iron frames. This sheet iron comes in long sheets about 30″ wide.

The frame to which the sheet iron is fastened is made of 1¼″ angle iron. A sectional view of this resembles a letter L.

A square frame is first made for each side, the angle irons being held together at their intersections by 1″ bolts. The sheet iron is riveted to these frames with ⅝″ rivets placed 8″ apart. One of the difficulties when working with materials of this kind is to get the rivet holes in the sheet metal to coincide with those in the frame, otherwise the sheets will buckle.

In the front wall two openings are cut with a cold chisel for the rays of the machine, in the rear section is a small door for the operator, and an opening in the roof acts as a ventilator. The construtions of the roof being almost identical with that of the sides need not be further explained.

This booth, like many another article, was built at a saving to the school. Mr. Littlefield rates its retail value at approximately forty dollars.

The booth is 5′ 2″ square and 6′ 2″ high, thus affording plenty of headroom for the average sized person.

A second booth was built during the early part of the spring term for Detroit School. This booth was half again as large as the one previously described, and, as all the material was proportionately larger and heavier, it was a cumbersome task. It was built by George Sterkel, Leo Bolger, Royal Prouty, Arthur Galbraith and Herbert W. Dosey.

Herbert W. Dosey.

The Belt Buckle

THE scarab, which is the emblem of our school, has been used for the design on the hat pin, on the stick pin and on the cuff links. A short time ago Mr. Barker suggested that a belt buckle having this emblem, should be made. His idea was suggested to Mr. Wydman who made a design on a piece of wood and carved it out.

The pattern, which is called a "master pattern," was then sent to Mr. McCaslin who made a brass pattern from it. This casting was filed and cleaned and gates soldered on. Four other castings were made from this and these were cleaned up and soldered to a gate bar as shown in the photograph. The pattern was laid on a fallow board and the drag placed over it which then was rammed up, and a turnover board placed on top. The drag was then turned over and the sand was cut away to the parting line. The parting line is the line at which the cope and drag separate. After the sand was cut to the parting line, parting sand was applied to the face of the drag. The parting sand was put on so that the two parts would separate more easily. This sand is a baked sand and it is said to have lost its life. A spru pin was then set in the middle of the four patterns. This pin, after it was taken out, left an opening in the cope, through which the metal was poured. The cope was then placed on the drag and rammed up. The vent wire which was next

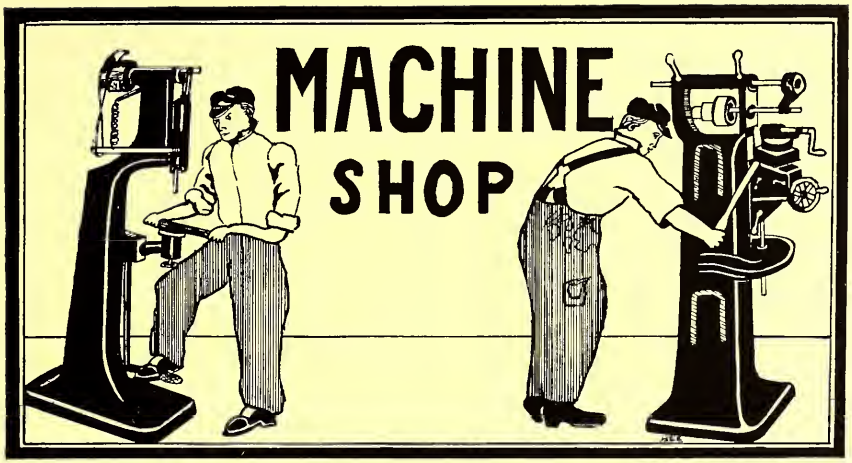
used formed holes thru the cope to the drag. These holes must be put in or else the gases could not escape and the castings would have what is called "blow holes." The next operations consisted of taking out the spru pin and taking off the cope. The cope was laid against the fallow board on the floor. The draw spike was now used and placed in the hole of the gate bar and rapped a little.

The rapping loosened up the pattern so that it was more easily withdrawn. After this was done the pattern was withdrawn and the cope replaced. The flash was then taken off the mould and was put on the floor ready to be poured.

Brass is used for this purpose and is melted in a different way than is cast iron. The brass is placed in a crucible and put over a fire and left in till melted. The coal surrounds this crucible but is not mixed with it. Cast iron is melted in a cupola. The iron is mixed in with coke and all the impurities of the coal pass over the iron.

When the brass was molten it was poured into ladles and then into the moulds. These moulds were then left to cool over night, after which they were broken. The castings were taken out, filed and polished. They were sold for ten cents to the pupils, with whom they were very popular.

Chas Unger.



A Junior's Work in the Machine Shop

OUR Machine Shop attracts great attention from all who visit our high school and also from freshmen and sophomores who peer in at the door and long for the time when they may have a closer acquaintance with machinery. In this interesting shop the student has to use all his knowledge gained during two years in different kinds of shop practice.

Drawing is required for Machine Shop practice as for all shop work before it and it is necessary that each student takes Machine drawing at the same time as he takes his Machine Shop work.

Lectures are usually given by the teacher at the beginning of the term about the different kind of machines and how to use them. Demonstrations are made by the teacher before each new exercise.

The first term of Machine Shop is devoted mostly to exercise work. The first exercise is belt lacing, so that when anything happens with the belt a pupil is able to fix it himself. The next

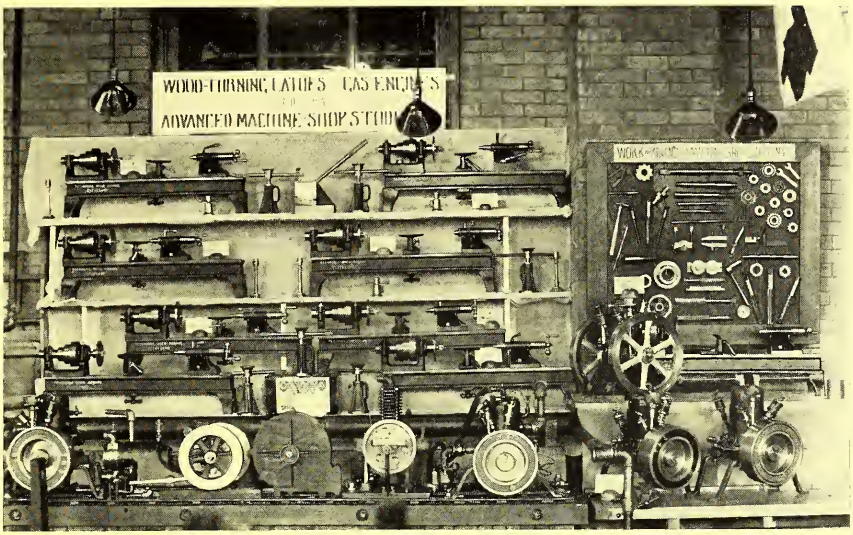
exercise is the paper weight. This exercise involves the use of the cold chisel, file and square. Following this comes the making of a center gauge. This is a tool which is made by the student for his own benefit and it is used during all his Machine Shop practice. The thread cutting exercise is next in order and involves facing, straight and taper turning, shouldering, and right and left hand thread.

Work is graded upon accuracy of work according to dimensions, and appearance of work when finished. There are usually found students in each class who are more rapid in their work than others and who finish their required work earlier. They are then allowed to go ahead with some of the work of the coming term.

At the end of the first term of Machine Shop practice the student has two courses before him between which he must choose. One is the college course preparing for work in a higher technical school and the other is the trade course. The college course requires the advance Machine Shop practice and Drawing, using two periods a day for Shop and four periods a week for Drawing. This advance work includes the practice on milling machines, shapers, grinders and planers.

The trade course is taken up by those who expect to follow this line of work after leaving high school. These boys usually spend twenty-five periods a week or more in the Shop. They continue their work on different kinds of gears and when they become better acquainted with the machines they begin to build bench vises, engines, lathes, and other machines for use in school and for individual use.

Zigmund Salit, '14.



The Machine Shop Exhibit

The picture above shows some of the work done by advanced students in the Machine Shop. The work is of two kinds. That on the panel to the right is rated as tool work; that on the left and taking up the greater part of the picture comes under the head of advanced machine work.

The tool work includes milling machine cutters, straight and taper reamers, some having straight and others spiral flutes, parallel clamps, tool maker's vises and other tools used in our shops. Besides this work the repair work for the various shops in the school is done in the Advanced Machine Shop.

In the Advanced Machine work twelve bench wood turning lathes are shown. Some of these the students made for themselves, while others are to be used in some of the school shops. There are also several jack screws which have a one by six inch screw with an acme thread. The bench shears shown on the second highest shelf are used for cutting sheet metal.

In machining the parts for these machines the student secures good practice in handling the drill press, engine lathe, shaper,

planer and milling machine. Later he gets valuable experience in bench work while assembling the machines.

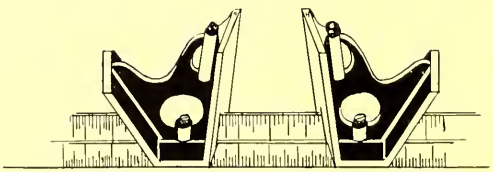
The students have also made several gas engines of various types some of which are shown in the picture. One four horse-power, four-cycle, air-cooled gas engine is not shown. All the parts for the engines and machines are assembled by the students building them. After an engine is assembled it is placed on the testing stand and tried out and tested. Before an engine leaves the shop its horse-power is found by the brake test.

One of the two horse-power, two-cycle marine engines shown in the picture was built by Frank Taylor. Soon after Frank had completed his engine a man on the west side told him that he had fifteen dollars for anyone who would get the water out of his flooded cellar. Frank borrowed a pump, connected it up with his engine, and, after the engine had run continuously for thirty-one hours, Frank was able to walk away with the money. By the way, when Mr. Vickerman last heard from Taylor, he was holding a position paying four dollars a day in Nevada.

The little horizontal gas engine near the centrifugal blower was made up by Carl Bissman. It is now mounted on a concrete foundation in his basement where it runs two small drill presses, one punch press and an emery wheel. With the aid of this outfit Carl is manufacturing a patent of his own invention. Whenever Carl's mother wishes to clean the carpet Carl connects up the vacuum cleaner with his engine and the work is done in a jiffy.

Another two horse-power marine engine was made by Howard Houck. This engine made a boat hurdle the waves of old Lake Erie for many an hour last summer, much to Houck's satisfaction. During the past winter Houck had his engine back in the machine shop where its power was increased by the addition of another cylinder. Howard is now looking forward to the doubling of his fun this summer.

Victor Lister, '13.



Electrical Construction Practically Applied

Lawrence Burton looked up from a roll of wire as the door opened, and greeted McMullan with, "Come and get your coat off, we've got a fine job today."

"Well, what's the excitement?" returned Mac, pulling off his coat.

"Mr. Freeman has taken it into his head that he wants a three wire line up here and has left word that we are to take out the 220 volt line from the cabinet in the lower hall near Room 118 and try to pull three wires through the two wire conduit.

"Nuff said," came from Mac. "Here's where we work today all right. The two boys said no more but went to work getting the wire straightened out and the fish tape unrolled.

When this was accomplished they went to the lower floor and proceeded to disconnect the 220 volt line from the switchboard. In order to do this they had to remove the lining of the cabinet.

"What do you think?" asked Burton. "Had we better pull the fish tape through with the wire or try and push it through afterwards?"

"Let's take a chance and try to pull it through with the wire."

"All right, while you're making the splice I'll go up and when you are ready signal me through one of the windows. I can see you from up in the hall and then I'll pull while you feed it in down here."

When the time came Burton found that pulling a wire through that length of conduit alone was impossible, so he returned to the lower hall to find Mr. Freeman superintending the job.

"Mac, you go up and help him and I'll feed it in down here," broke in Mr. Freeman.

The boys found that in order to pull the wire through with any degree of comfort they would have to remove the sink, as the conduit came up through the floor directly beneath it.

After the wire was once started it was not such hard work. Being anxious to get it through they jerked the tape out of Mr. Freeman's hands. It flew up against one of the busbars and caused a ground, nearly burning the tape in two. Not knowing this they kept on pulling, and as the tape caught in the conduit they gave it a jerk which broke it.

"Now we are up against it," said Burton.

"We can go down and try and push the tape up, but I'm afraid the tape is too short," returned Mac.

"Then let's take some of that No. 12 galvanized iron wire down and try to use that instead," suggested Burton.

They found, however, that there is a great difference between iron wire and steel tape. In the end Mr. Freeman sent Burton down to an electrical supply store and borrowed a new tape. Burton did not return in time to do any more work that day, but the next morning they again tackled the job.

Everything went nice until the tape was almost through. It then stuck and it remained stuck, and no amount of pushing would budge it. Leaving Mr. Freeman to do the pushing the boys went to the third floor. After fishing for about half an hour they succeeded in hooking the end of the tape with a piece of wire and pulled it through. This, however, was not the end of their troubles, as Burton had predicted, for they had no sooner started to pull the insulated wire through than it stuck. It was pulled out and Mr. Freeman went to the Domestic Science Department and obtained some corn starch which served in the place of soapstone. The boys went to the first floor to pull, and Mr. Dunn, who happened in at that time, helped Mr. Freeman to push.

After a good half hour's work they managed to get it through. It was an easy job after that to connect the wires to the two switchboards, one at each end of the line, and to replace all the things they had taken down.

Mr. Freeman, anxious to see if the line was all right, sent Mac down to throw in the switch. The switch was thrown all right, but, oh, what a flash! Hathaway in his hurry to make a splice had grounded a wire.

This, however, was soon fixed and another one of the practical jobs done by the boys of the Electrical Construction Department was finished.

Printing as an Aid in Other Occupations

HE students in the Print Shop at East Technical High School gain a knowledge of many other things besides composition of type and press work. They take up hand-lettered headings, initial lettering, and learn the uses of many different styles of type families, such as ancient and modern Roman, Uncial, old English and Gothic. In addition, the boys do some of the illustrating, cartooning, and cover designing for "The Scarab," the school magazine, as well as the printing and binding. Thru this experience the students gain knowledge which will aid them in such future occupations as Journalism, Illustrating, Cartooning, Advertisement Writing, Proof Reading and Sign Writing.

The boy that sets up type must be extremely careful and accurate, for it may take a great length of time to correct the slightest mistake. In this work he becomes proficient in the use of capitals, small caps, italics, punctuation, paragraphing and spelling, all of which aid greatly in the correct use of English so important to the Journalist.

A Journalist must be familiar with the styles of type. There are certain kinds and classes of work that require certain kinds of type, which the Journalist, who must express his thought thru the type, must properly select. In the placement of his article, also, great care must be exerted. In truth, a Journalist must know all the branches of the art of printing in order to successfully fill his position.

Cartooning is one of the largest and best paying occupations, and the work that the boys do here, greatly aids them along that line.

An Advertisement Writer must be proficient in hand lettering, spelling, punctuation, spacing and artistic designing. Practice in these things is carried on thru continuous work in the Print Shop. In writing his advertisement the writer must figure out how many lines he needs to use, the length of each line, and the number of

ems to the line and page, with the position on the page where the printed article is to be placed. Unless the Writer of advertisements is familiar with these things he will be useless to a customer who wishes some idea as to the appearance of his article before ordering it.

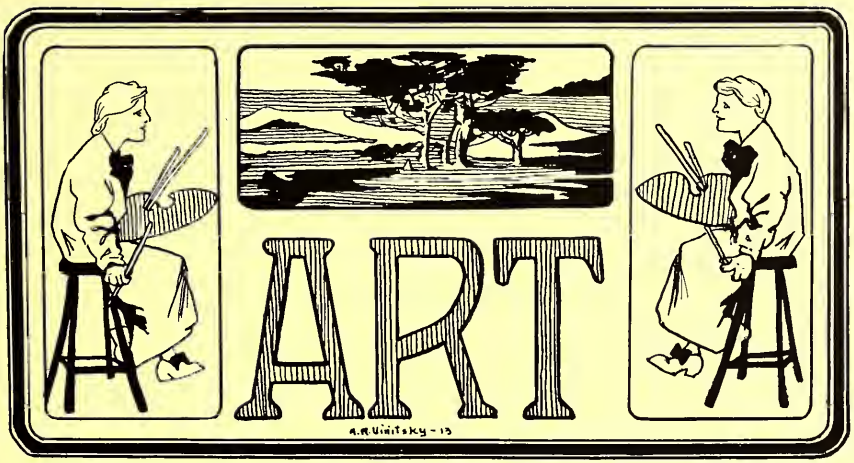
In advertisement writing and like professions there are certain kinds of work that require certain kinds of paper, and the Print Shop affords an excellent opportunity of becoming familiar with them and determining the proper quality, color, and weight of the paper to be used for each purpose.

The Proof Reader must know every style of type and be familiar with the "proof marks." He must also be proficient in English in order to make every correction where needed. This work is taken up extensively in the Print Shop, because every printed sheet must be looked over and corrected.

In order to become a good sign designer, one must be able to do all the different styles of alphabets in hand lettering, as well as accompanied designing which must harmonize with the work. Often in this work just the initial letter is made by hand and the rest of the work printed. But in many other instances the hand lettering is wholly used. A sign designer must be proficient in the artistic placement of his work as well as in the work itself, for if it were not well placed, the work tho well done, would appear awkward and out of proportions.

Because of the training received along all of these lines the course in Printing as taught at East Technical High School becomes a stepping stone to many other trades and professions.

Lloyd Feder.



Illumination

Illumination is the art of painting and decorating manuscripts. In the early days the monks wrote accounts of the events of the time on parchment and carefully decorated and illuminated the letters. Some of these manuscripts were so profusely decorated that it was difficult to read them. With each succeeding generation the style of decoration changed. With the invention of the art of printing, in the fifteenth century, the decorations were limited, principally, to the border and initial letter. This style of decoration is still used, and in all good designs the border and the lettering harmonize.

The Christmas cards, made in the art department, are made with this idea held in mind. After laying out, on the paper used, a space about twice as large as the desired reproduction a pencil drawing of the lettering is made. The letters are then penciled

and filled in with ink. The border is next made, and the student after fixing upon some salient feature which appeals to his artistic sense builds the design for the border from this idea. The border space should be in proportion to the space occupied by the lettering, and both the design and the lettering should harmonize and give an effect of repose, unity and completeness.

There are many different ways of designing a border. The so-called repeating design, such as is seen on surface patterns, tapestries and carpets, is composed of a unit which is repeated as often as the given space will allow. In other designs, not composed of repeated units, the idea chosen is worked out in rhythmic movement and so arranged as to give a fairly even distribution of color. Large breaks in the design should be avoided as they tend to attract the eye and destroy the decorative effect and symmetry desired.

After the design is worked out it will be noticed that the lines of lettering are not of the same length. In order to preserve the unity of the whole text it is well to put a small design into the space between the end of the short lines and the border. These small ornaments should harmonize with the rest of the border.

In many designs the initial letter is also ornamented but this depends on the taste of the designer. In ornamenting the initial letter the first consideration should always be legibility. A letter is not an illustration and therefore it should not be so burdened with ornament as to make it illegible, nor should it be so different in treatment and character as to be out of keeping with its context. The ornamentation of the letter should always be in keeping and in harmony with the whole design motif. A plain legible letter is always more desirable than an over-ornamented and illegible style of letter.

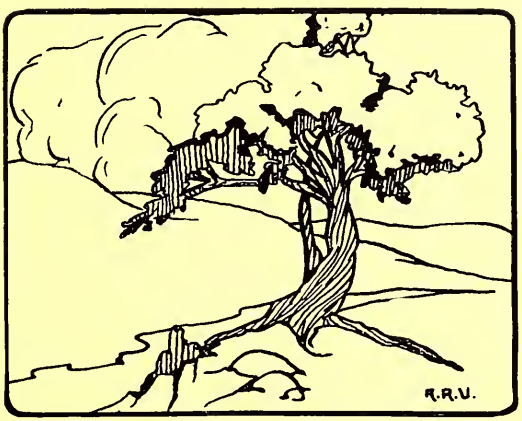
After a pencil drawing of the border is made it is drawn in ink, and then the card is ready for the plate-maker. The design is photographed down to the required size on zinc or copper and then etched. The drawing now appears in relief on the plate and after being mounted on a wood-block is ready for the printer. Other

cards are designed in charcoal and then engraved on wood and printed, or else they are reproduced by the half-tone process.

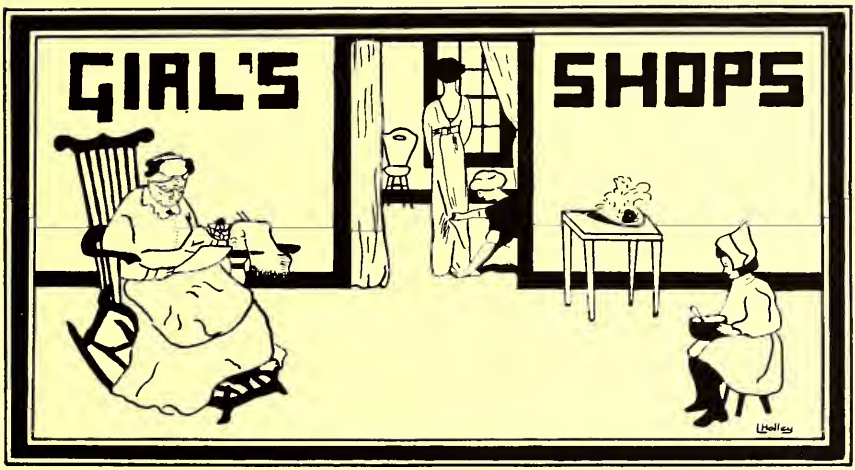
Besides the cards, calendars are made in the art department. For this year these consist of a print from a pen drawing of a Japanese lady mounted on suitable paper.

All of the plates are sent to the print-shop where the boys print as many proofs as are desired. The proofs are then colored by the pupils in the art class. In coloring these proofs only colors which harmonize should be chosen and all gaudy colors should be avoided. In painting flowers and other nature studies it will be noticed that each subject has its predominating color and that the less noticeable colors harmonize with it. When a flower withers it loses its brightness but though the colors have a softer shade, they still harmonize. Many delightful color combinations are gotten from these nature studies, but harmonious coloring depends, principally, upon the artistic taste and the refining influence of the pupil and the mystery of design and illumination will be revealed to the mind that has developed appreciation.

Ernest Schulz.



How Mr. Kennedy Got His Start


GIAL'S
SHOPS

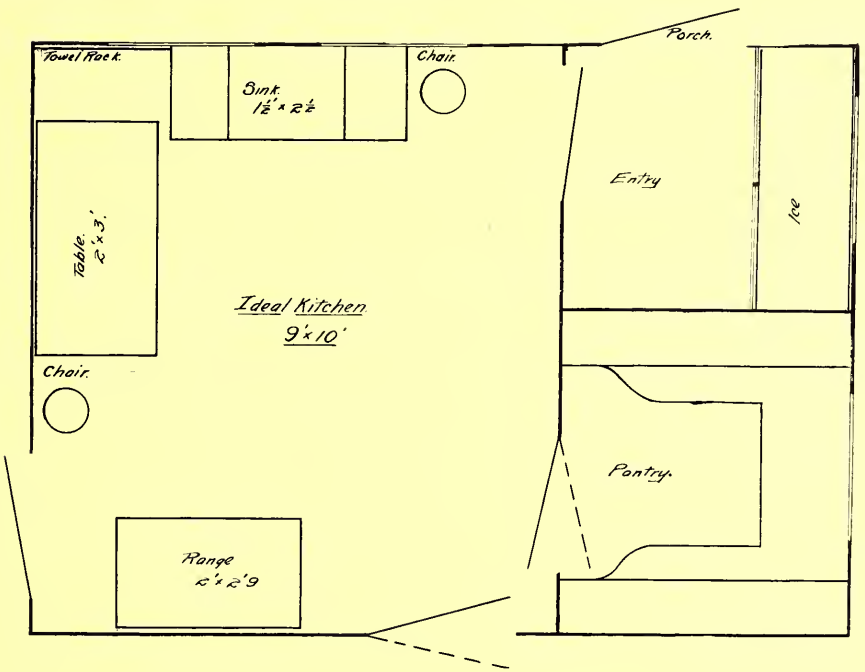
The Ideal Kitchen and Its Furnishings

DURING the first half of the Senior year, a part of the time is spent in considering the question of the Ideal Kitchen and its Furnishings.

The kitchen is always an important room in the home. The modern kitchen is not supposed to be a store-room, laundry, or sitting-room, but it is a place for the preparation of food, that is it should be a workshop.

It was formerly thought that a kitchen should be large, but of late ideas concerning its size have changed; the modern housewife is in favor of a kitchen that is small and compact in order that steps may be saved. In the old-fashioned houses of our grandmothers, the kitchens were large, sometimes as wide as the house itself. In one corner would be the stove, a large range having an oven so low down that the housewife must nearly stand on her head to look at the fine delicacies she had within. In the opposite corner would be a large closed wooden sink. The wood became water-soaked and in this condition it splintered and drew bugs. The housewife

in preparing foods had to walk from the sink to the stove and from the stove to the sink many, many times, thus walking miles in one day. We can easily imagine how tired a woman would be working all day over a hot stove and taking all these unnecessary steps back and forth so many times. Nowadays, if something is the matter with the cars and we have to walk a few blocks, we make a fuss but our grandmothers never complained about the steps they took. Now it is considered that a kitchen should not be more than ten by twelve feet, often one of less size is desirable. Kitchen convenience has come in a large measure to spell human progress.



Like most other things, kitchen convenience begins best at the beginning, that is to say at the floor, the foundation of a housewife's comfort. The ideal floor is of tile. Like most ideals, it is beyond realization by the majority. It has many advantages and some disadvantages. It is clean and durable but also cold and hard. Rubber tiling is soft and not so cold but it is inflammable and should not be used near the stove. Another good floor covering is linoleum. It will wear better if varnished once a year.

Oil-cloth is cheap but does not wear well. However, it is sanitary and looks well. Narrow boards of heart-pine, well-matched, well-laid, and oiled afresh every six months make a desirable floor—the best board floor outside of hard woods. Hard pine is ordinarily used for floors and is the cheapest of hard woods.

Since kitchens exist, it is plain they must have walls. As with floors, cost puts tile out of the question in many cases. Wooden surfaces either in ceiling or wainscot are objectionable in that they absorb dampness and odors besides offering harborage to vermin and lurking places for dust. Paper on kitchen walls is not durable as it spots readily. If one can get a smooth finish on wall paper, it is durable and sanitary, for such walls and ceilings can be washed at need without damage or resulting dampness.

"A place for everything and everything in its place," is the motto of the modern housewife. Closets are most essential in the kitchen for as few things as possible should be exposed to dust and steam of the kitchen. For this reason it is necessary to have cupboards and drawers for utensils. Drawers are needed for small utensils such as cutlery, skewers, etc., also for cloths, towels, and papers. Newspapers for cleaning purposes and shelf papers are most necessary in the kitchen. For holding these things, the cupboards and drawers should be grouped around the work-table, sink, and range.

The range and sink are commonly fixed facts. A porcelain sink is expensive but very good. Enamel is not so durable as it chips and wears off. Iron is durable but very hard to keep clean. Sinks should not be less than two and one-half feet long by one and one-half feet wide. The faucets should be high enough to prevent dishes from striking against them. One should always have open plumbing.

The range, whatever its breed or pattern, is the most important factor in the kitchen. The gas range is cheap and effectual. It should occupy a small floor space, should have a large oven, a good place for broiling, and room on top for heating several foods at once, also pipes connecting with the chimney to remove products of combustion.

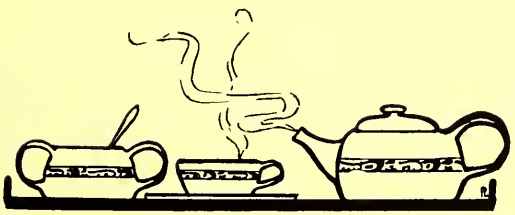
A kitchen table should be from thirty-two to thirty-six inches high. Maple is good for table tops. Soft woods absorb fat and it is hard to keep them clean and they warp. Zinc coverings are sometimes used but this is hard on a knife when cutting anything on it and they are difficult to keep clean. Glass is used, but it cracks easily and is hard to cut on.

The refrigerator should be in a cool place where it can be filled from the outside or near the door, as is most desirable. A large refrigerator is more economical than a small one. A refrigerator should be made of non-conducting materials, tightly built. Wood is much used since it is a non-conducting material. The lining of a refrigerator should be smooth in order to be easily cleaned. Porcelain and glass are good but glass chips although it is ideal if well cared for. A straight drain-pipe should lead from the ice compartment. It is easier to clean.

Cooking utensils are made of iron, steel, enameled ware, aluminum, tin, wood, glass, stoneware, earthenware, and common crockery. The enameled ware is generally used for various kettles and saucepans. It chips easily. The aluminum used to be considered ideal and was very expensive but acids work on the aluminum the same as on tin and form a poison. It is all right for waffle irons, roaster, or teakettle. The tin heats and cools easily but acids affect it. It is used for various baking dishes such as pie tins, cake tins and bread tins. Wooden spoons are necessary in the kitchen, especially in the preparation of fruits or anything containing acid.

Wouldn't it be fine if every housewife had an ideal kitchen? Her work would be made much easier, thus she would have more time for outside interests and after her day's work was done she would not feel worn out. Of course the study of an ideal kitchen doesn't mean that every Tech High girl will have an ideal kitchen but it helps each girl when planning her kitchen to make it as nearly ideal as possible or best of all, from the study of an ideal kitchen, suggestions are obtained for changing an old, inconvenient kitchen to one of greater convenience and comfort.

Mildred Brumbaugh.



In the Homes of Our Tech High Girls

"MOTHER, why don't you go over to Mrs. Brown's for dinner tonight? You know she has invited you several times. As long as I am home early today, I can get dinner."

"Why, my dear child, you couldn't get dinner for your father and those hungry boys. Yes, I know you can cook—certain things; beautiful cakes and good fudge, and such things, but you never have had any experience in getting a whole meal."

I wonder in how many homes of girls at Tech High such a conversation takes place? Perhaps not in as many as one would think, for a great many mothers keep closely in touch with the work of their daughters. Still, there are homes where the mother is indifferent as to her child's progress, or more likely, entertains a wrong idea of the purpose of those "cooking lessons." What those mothers need is a practical demonstration of what their daughters can do, and those same girls would gladly give such a demonstration if their mothers only had confidence in them.

"But," said a mother to me one time, "I don't see how anyone can possibly prepare, cook, and serve a meal in an hour and a half, allowing for the time it takes the teacher to explain the lesson and answer questions."

Of course it is impossible to serve a twelve-course dinner in an hour and a half, no one expects that. But there is ample time for the preparation of the "main-stays" of a dinner—in an hour, say. For instance, a Freshman girl cooks separate things, i. e., she concentrates her mind on beans one day. She learns where they are grown, how and where to buy them and how much to pay, their chemical properties, their food value, how to cook and serve them in appetizing ways. She makes but one thing and studies it in the most thorough manner. Another day she may devote her time and thought to the nutritive value, etc., of salads. The student learns that green vegetables are rich in ash or mineral matter, and that by proper combination of lettuce, water-cress or parsley, and another

vegetable; peas, beans, celery, beets, etc., she has a very good dish, rich in protein and mineral matter—a very good dish to serve when the remainder of the meal is "heavy." If in a reverse case, her dinner is "light," she combines nuts (which are rich in fat) and rich fruits, such as bananas, to make her meal balance well. Such is the nature of the everyday lesson, but every month she is given a "meal lesson," which is a combination of a few simple dishes. The object is to train the student to prepare the food in as modern and cleanly way known, with the least possible effort, and to have everything done at the same time and served in an appetizing manner.

"On Friday ———— ——, Meal Lesson.

Menu.

Stuffed Baked Potatoes.
Blanc Mange.
Tea."

A Sophomore girl does not quake in her shoes when she comes to class on Wednesday and sees such a notice. She knows that she will have over Thursday to look up her recipes, so that when she comes to class on Friday she may get right to work. At the end of such a lesson the girl has practically prepared a meal. The result is most gratifying! A clean table, no pile of soiled dishes, food well cooked and served on time and she herself is richer in experience.

In her third year the girl takes a course in table service. She learns the most approved methods of setting and decorating the dining-table, both for home use and for simple entertaining. She learns how best to care for her pretty linen, silver, china, etc. She is instructed in the art of serving, both with and without a maid, particular stress being placed upon the latter method. Aside from the subjects mentioned, this course is exceptionally fine, in that it gives the student invaluable practise in the preparing of whole meals, from soup to desert and coffee.

Why should not this be a daily occurrence in the modern home? Our Tech High girls are capable of planning, cooking, and serving a complete meal, in the most appetizing manner possible.

If one could glance into the home kitchen while the combined cook and waitress is serving a piping hot, delicious soup made by her own hands, one would not see a kitchen in the Nth degree of disorder. For example, the extremely pungent odor of scorching food on the stove lids would not assail one's nostrils, nor would one's eyes be drawn to a pile of dishes of every conceivable size and shape,—a pile high enough to force a sigh even from the most dauntless. Rather would the kitchen be as sweet and clean as when she entered, and instead of a hot, cross, untidy, hostess; we have one whose spirits are as unruffled as her immaculate, stiffly starched apron.

Joan Rock, '13.

The Party Dress

IN the Domestic Art class at the East Technical High School, the last problem of the sophomore year is the party dress. The girls generally look forward to the time when they will be far enough advanced to make a pretty, thin dress. The earlier problems of the year are a white, tucked, and beruffled petticoat, a shirtwaist, and a dress of cotton or linen cloth suitable for school or general wear.

In the first year, in the sewing class the girls make their sewing and cooking aprons, several pieces of underwear, and a fancy article at Christmas time. In making these garments they learn the different principles of sewing which afterwards enable them to attempt a garment as difficult as a party dress.

By the term "party dress" an elaborate, costly creation is not meant, but a simple, dainty dress that will be girlish looking for small parties, afternoon or evening entertainments and also suitable for summer days.

Many of the dresses have a great deal of handwork on them and others do not, but there are as many kinds and ideas of dresses and trimming as there are girls in the classes. Each girl has her own individual taste and originality which is encouraged to the utmost.

In the Art room the pupils are taught good lines in dresses, good colorings, and fineness and daintiness in materials. This training improves the pupils' taste and makes them shun gaudy, coarse materials, and bad combinations of colors.

In making the design for the party dress the material, the trimming, and the figure of the girl are taken into consideration in order to make the dress as pretty and becoming as possible to the owner. The style and suitability of the dresses in the fashion books are discussed and considered for the girls' party dresses. The design for a stout girl is made so that the lines detract from

her size rather than accentuate it and vice versa with a tall, slender girl. Then the girl's complexion must be considered in the choosing of the color of the material.

Many materials are used by the girls. Voile being hard to work upon is avoided by the majority of the girls although every year several girls choose it for their dresses and are very successful in its use. Plain and dotted silk mull, fine batiste, flowered lawn or dimity, tissue gingham and organdy are very popular materials for the party dresses.

Many of the girls make very inexpensive dresses, the material costing as low as twelve and one-half cents a yard, but those who use plain or bordered voile pay as much as fifty cents and one dollar a yard.

For trimming, fine Swiss embroidery, borders of the material, fine lace, bands of messaline, or Irish crochet lace or edge is used. Each girl draws her trimming such as lace or bordered material on her design so that it will look well when mounted for an exhibition. A copy of the design is made to take to the sewing room and with this and the material the girl is ready to start her party dress.

If it is possible the girls procure patterns like their designs but if the design is very original and there is no pattern like it the girl must cut her own pattern or add the tucks and other necessary requirements to a plain foundation pattern.

She can now cut and make her dress with the help and fitting of the Domestic Art teacher. Several weeks later the row of completed dresses hanging in the case displays the hard work and efficiency of the girls in Sophomore Sewing.

Maurita Rightmire.

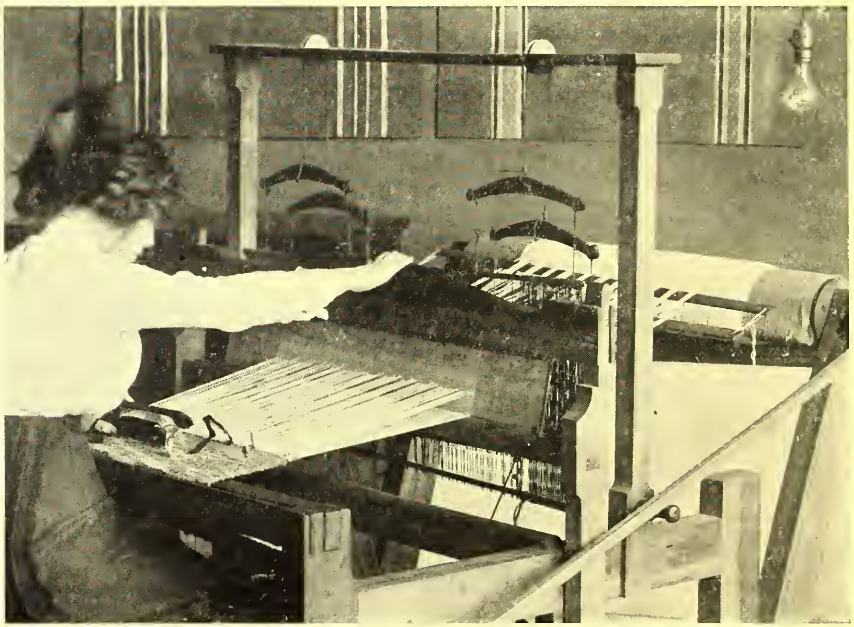
The Rag Rug

HE designing and weaving of a small rug together with interior decoration and the designing of the graduation dress comprise the art course of the latter half of the senior year.

The process of weaving is similar to that used by our grandmothers but there are a few important changes in the designing and materials. The piazza and bed-room rugs now in such great demand in our country homes are made of new rags. They make more serviceable rugs than old material. It gives an opportunity to choose the colors discriminately instead of forcing certain colors to serve the purpose. About two yards of flanelette at twelve and one-half cents a yard will make a rug twenty-one by thirty-eight inches, just large enough to lay before a dressing table.

Very serviceable rugs can be made from scraps and old material, however. The rag bag often furnishes desirable scraps such as gingham, calico, cotton flannel, muslin, chambray, old clothes, stockings, etc. A nurse's striped uniform or a gingham dress cut into strips may be used for the "hit and miss" center and the ends of a rug, while the border may be made of plain material of the predominating colors in the rug or some bright harmonious colors. A selvage and fringe at each end of the rug add a great deal to its appearance.

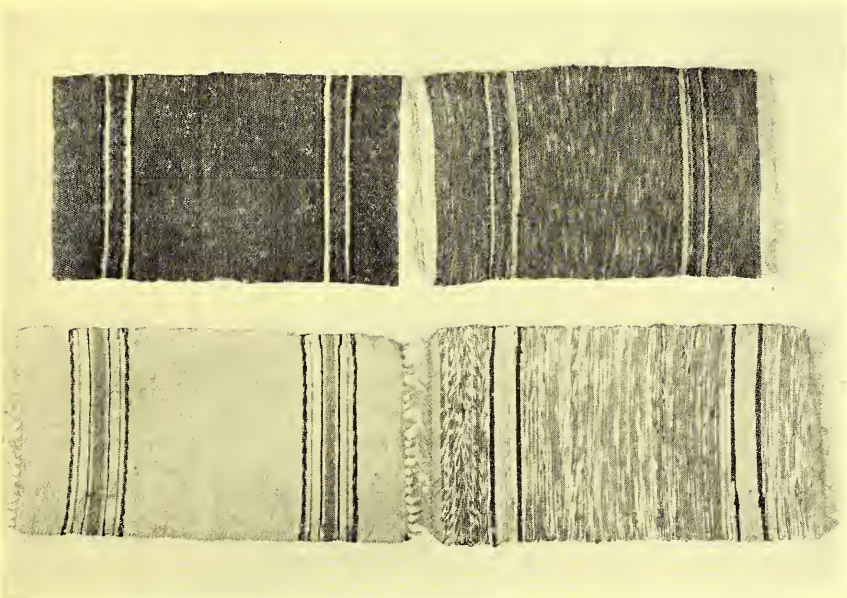
The design for the rug may be constructed on a sheet of brown paper the same size as the finished rug is to be. This enables one to see the proportions and stripes more clearly than if it were drawn on a small scale. The first step in the planning of the rug is to see that the length and width are in good proportion. If there is to be a border at each end then the relation of the border spaces to the body of the rug and the ends of the rug should be figured out carefully.



Now the border should be divided into dark, light and medium toned stripes. The arrangement of the values and colors as well as the width of the stripes should be interesting. With the aid of charcoal for the dark stripes and chalk for the light ones it is easy to make a sheet of brown paper look very much like a rug.

The design for our loom was copied from an old Swedish loom by Mr. Wydman and constructed by the boys of the trade cabinet-making class. It consists of a frame, the warp beam, the cloth beam, the heddles and their mounting, the reed. The threads of warp are wound around a wooden cylinder called the warp beam.

They are then separated into two groups by leash sticks. One set of threads passes through openings (eyes) of the heddle and the others through another set of openings. The motion of the treadles lifts and lowers these (eyes). The warp then passes through steel wires attached to a wooden frame called a reed and thence is connected to the cloth beam. The shuttle filled with carpet rags is thrown between the two sets of warp thread. The long strip of carpet rag is pressed close to the previous one with the beater.



This simple method of weaving using just two heddles produces only stripes but when four heddles are used in various combinations the result is a design which when woven in bags, towels, cushions and various other articles is very attractive.

Weaving has lately been introduced into the curriculum of this school and so far we have woven rag rugs only. However, the interest in the subject has been so great that in the near future we hope to extend the work and learn to weave other useful articles.

Bessie Van Tress, '13.

The Girls' Gym Work

OU never heard very much about the girls' gym work, did you? But didn't you admire the skill of the girls at the Exhibition last spring, and wonder how long it took them to prepare for the display of work they gave? Well, it didn't take them five minutes and that is a really, truly fact. It was just the result of the practice the girls had had during the year.

Now, weren't you ever curious to know what class it could be, to which all of the first and second year girls and many of the upper class girls go with such happy faces? You knew better than to suppose it was math or history and yet you never once dreamed of its being gym, but that's where they were bound for nevertheless. There can be only one explanation: girls love to play and as they look at their gym work in the light of recreation it has naturally become popular. Don't think the girls are rough, though, as we frequently hear of the boys being, we don't get a chance to be.

You see, it is this way; we have a regular form which we use for every lesson. "Stunts" on the heavy apparatus, with which the boys largely fill up their time, are strictly prohibited until almost the end of the year after a gradual preparation for them has been made. When Exhibition time comes around we are all prepared to do "stunts" but only simple ones on the ladders, bar, rings, horse, buck are permissible.

In order that the instructor may handle a large class effectively, military tactics are used as an introduction to the lesson, thus saving the confusion and delay which would otherwise result. These tactics are employed to bring us into position for the drill

which always follows. The drill is comprised of exercises with the dumb-bells, clubs, wands, or free exercises.

Except on the days when the Swedish day order is given, exercises on the heavy apparatus follow the drill. Then come the Folk dances which are extensively used, and which are very popular. The dances we like the best are: The Vineyard Dance; Csehbogar; The Indian Dance; Wooden Shoes; Sicilian Circle; "How Do You Do"; Varsouvienna; Krakoviak, and the Irish Jig.

Then we rest for just a wee while before having a lively game. There are all sorts of games we play, from simple relay races to complicated games like basket-ball, captain-ball and indoor baseball. The instructor concludes the lesson with "Take showers" and loud choruses of "Oh, dear!" follow, and there is a grand rush for the door, but the showers are taken and in good spirit, too.

But the regular class lesson is by no means all that is included under Girls' Gym; we have basket-ball and indoor baseball teams and this spring the girls have a tennis tournament scheduled. This will give the girls who play a chance to try for school championship. The teams which play baseball seem now to have the required skill the game demands, so watch out, everybody, for some enthusiastic games as soon as the weather permits.

Because we don't get much of a chance to play (boys like gym pretty well themselves) the girls' basket-ball time is naturally limited. However, we do play Wednesday evenings and try to make the best possible use of our time. For about the first two months we play as color teams. There are eight or more color teams and from these we pick class teams, who play a schedule to determine the class championship. At the end the two best class teams play a game at the Exhibition.

Christina Fitch.

A Sad Tale

Oh why, poor laddies, is it that you
Sit sadly there, looking so blue?
Subsiding patiently onto the stairs,
Your faces so solemn, your world full of cares.
While down there, below you, encircling the gym,
Dance the tall girls and fair girls,
And short girls and slim.
Where music is thrumming and filling the air;
Where ices and maidens seem wondrously fair;
Where all the new dances, approved by Miss King
Slip smoothly along, with a smart, catchy swing.
And all these pleasures, dear fellows, slip by
Leaving you here, looking dolefully dry.
A great groan arises from the grim lips before me
To explain their sad plight, they all do implore me.
And the hasty words that arise from the stairs
Explain quite enough the cause of their cares.
For the dance, now enjoying the height of its fling,
Is only for girlies, as arranged by Miss King.
So what chance have we fellows, to enjoy the ball
But by listening our hardest and picturing it all.

A. P.

LITERATURE

Duty and the Tramp

I.

THE girl lay comfortably under the spruce pines, her bright, black eyes gazing through the lacey pattern of the boughs above, and on into the azure softness of the sky. Her reddish braid, glinting in the glow of the sunlight, was pushed under her head, and one slipper lay sole up a few feet away.

"One has to be just right to air one's mind." At least the girl thought so, and as there seemed to be so many things in her mind, she just had to air it often.

It was the civics class in the last semester of her senior year that had started such a rush of thought in the girl's pretty head. Before that, she half regretfully remembered, her civic duty had never bothered her. Her personal duty was quite enough. But Mr. Kranz, the civics teacher, had enlightened her.

During one of his talks on crime and its prevention, he had pointed an accusing finger at her and finished his talk with the words, "And the smallest one in this class has her duty to the community. In her failure of its performance she has committed a great crime." These words were indeed terrifying, as she, Margaret Lowell, was literally the smallest in the class, and oh! deplorable fact, until that time she had left the community to take care of itself.

From that eventful talk her spare moments were filled. Civic duties pressed on every side. Though some were unpleasant, she made up for past neglect.

The climax came when she reported a man for spitting on the street car. The whole car load had snickered at her. Her mother, being on the car, decidedly stopped further aid to the city at large. Moreover, she had brought Margaret and the rest of the family to a small town in Florida for the winter. No civic troubles for three months, the mother peacefully thought.

Margaret found this was so. The citizens of a small town seemed very well able to take care of themselves. The percentage of robberies, murders, and drunkenness had been zero, by Margaret's carefully kept notebook. She was wishing this afternoon as she lay in the warm Florida sunlight, that all towns were small. But the wood was so lazy and silent that the subject slipped from her and she dozed off.

It was a queer noise that caused the eyes to fly open, and the girl to quickly sit up. To her freshly awakened ear the noise sounded alarming. It seemed like a man roaring in pain. The sound came from beyond the tropical tangle before her. Being still slightly dazed the girl sat staring a moment into the dusky growth, but as the sound increased in intensity, civic duty pushed her slowly to her feet. Yawning, she slipped the cast-off slipper on; picked up a straw shade hat from the fragrant pine needles, and started off at a run towards the noise.

II.

As you probably know, in the winters of 1894 and '95 Florida was frozen out. Fruit trees were ruined and with them the fortunes of many a northerner. Property values fell practically to nothing. Homes were nearly given away to those who would buy. Others were deserted and the remaining few who could neither sell nor leave scratched along at a starvation level.

Since then truck farming has come into its own and new citrus farms have sprung up. But here and there a deserted home stands as a specter of '94 and '95.

On one of these houses Dingy happened; Dingy being a tramp. The word "tramp" implies much that Dingy was not tho perhaps wished to be. Does not "tramp" bring a picture of a great, dark, slouching fellow with menacing gaze? In his hand he always drags a heavy stick, and he has plenty of pepper with which to use it.

Dingy, as I have said, was a tramp, but alas he was short and slight. His hair was a faded mud color, and his small, watery blue eyes peered uneasily from under scraggy eyebrows. Above all he was tragically bowlegged. This last trait had doubled an already troublesome timidity so that his terror of dogs, of hopping trains, and of other duties, was pitiful.

But if not as awe-inspiring as he wished, Dingy was clever. He could tell a story to a farmer's wife that would bring tears to

her eyes and a repast to his ready mouth. He could turn his hand to an honest task if necessary, or could pick a pocket with the same excellence.

Unfortunately luck had been against him lately. He had worked his way to a little town in Florida. There instead of a handy job turning up, he had been marched to the edge of town and set off on an endless road. He had passed several houses but evidences of dogs and other inhospitable signs urged him on. The road was deep sand, which is poor walking. The sun beat heavily on his worn felt hat. In fact it was all very unpleasant and lonely. He snivelled to himself at his troubles.

After a good hour's uncomfortable progress he saw ahead a rambling snowy house shining from the midst of a luxurious orange grove. It was a sight to gladden a man's eye. As he approached nearer he noted the surrounding fence was fresh and white; the trees were hung with multitudes of the glowing fruit, and grew in neat rows around the house to the road, and on the lower side they ran down to a charming little pool. The house appeared spacious and inviting. His mind's eye painted a dainty table, set in the breezeway with iced fruit and cooled drinks. His footsteps quickened and he swallowed again and again at the thought of icy liquid soothing his dry throat.

He marched slowly up the path between the lofty borders of orange trees. The silence of the house emboldened him. Arriving at the porch steps he saw with dismay that the place was deserted. Honey-suckle, clematis and wildrose vines wove themselves in a glowing carpet over the rotted steps. The path to the old barn was overgrown with weeds and sandgrass.

The place was tenantless. With sinking heart Dingy realized this, and watched his pictured visions of rest and drink vanish. In their place slipped the hot, barren road, which would run, goodness knows how far, before another house appeared. He gingerly picked his way up the steps. It wouldn't hurt to get some idea from an upstairs window of the trip ahead.

The weather-beaten door swung inwards easily at the fumblings of Dingy's hand. The cool room into which he stepped seemed black for a moment to his sun dazzled eyes. As this passed he saw he was in a long hall, barren of furniture.

It was a typical southern room, high ceilinged, and paneled in a wine colored wood. From one wall a broad, generous stairway curved gracefully upwards to the dim hall above.

Several doors opened off either side of the hall. To these Dingy tiptoed (the silence awed him) and peered in. The rooms were all empty but in good condition. Some were finished in the same tone as the hall; others a chill white. The long windows let in glimpses of the warm world without. The chill within made Dingy rather hurriedly close the last door and scurry back to the stairs and up them.

Upstairs was the same dead quiet. A series of tiny bedrooms opened into a center hall. Into the corner room overlooking the road Dingy went. It was small and white, with a single faded print of a girl in pink staring down from the wall. Three small leaded windows lighted the side nearest the road. A single window faced the other exposed side.

Dingy went to this and peered out. With disgust he found the window covered with spider webs and dirt. The view was blurred. He tugged at the sash fastener and with great effort pushed up the heavy frame. He was surprised at its weight. But the view now lay clear and bright before him. The road wound ribbon-like along a flat green country, uneventful except for several little glittering lakes and a few buildings in the distance. At this point he excitedly placed his hands on the sills. Bang! the heavy sash had fallen on his wrists.

The first pain was intense. Dingy closed his eyes and howled. As nothing happened he opened them again. Only the dirty window sneered in his face. Enraged he tugged at his hands. The window settled more heavily and the pains in his wrists shot faster. Dingy became motionless. He cautiously lifted his head to see the cause of this trouble and there hanging frayed and rotten were the window cords. Warm language flew from Dingy's mouth and he worked at the window again. When he had manouvered till he was tired and frightened he commenced snivelling. This changed to a roar of fright, pain and anger, which grew louder as time crept on.

It was after a long time that a clear hallo flew up from below. The shock was great. Dingy jumped and then looked down. Oh! joy, a human, a real person was down there. No matter if it was but a slip of a girl, she could save him from being trapped like an animal. He had pictured himself hanging a rotted skeleton. At thoughts of getting free he yelled incoherently at the girl.

She was standing beside an orange tree, gazing up with eyes, half frightened, half curious. It was Margaret, her cheeks still flushed from sleep and her khaki walking skirt torn and snagged

from her run thru the woods. With surprise she had burst out onto the orange grove and then onto the house. Her eyes had been caught by the hands protruding from the upstairs window. The situation suggested a multitude of exciting thoughts but pity was uppermost, and Margaret hurried up into Dingy's prison.

He turned overjoyed eyes to her. They were red-rimmed from crying and filled with tears. His reddened nose was smeared with dust and his knees were wabbling from weariness.

"For Lor' sake, Miss, lift this plagued thing," he groaned. Margaret gave one jerk and push at the window, and Dingy staggered backwards, his hands free. "You poor thing," she breathed, compassionately, watching him nursing his wrists. "They must nearly kill you."

They were already beginning to feel much better, and as Dingy realized the size of his deliverer, a sheepish grin twitched under his moustache.

"They does pain considerable, Miss, but thunder, I'm glad yer come!"

"I should say I am, too. But however did you get in such a place?" Margaret's quick eyes had sized Dingy up for a tramp. But still he was very harmless and she resolved to find out why he was one. The civics book had stated that over one-half of poverty was from self causes, from drunkenness, shiftlessness, etc. But perhaps this man couldn't help himself. He hadn't answered her question but stood looking wonderingly at her pretty, thoughtful face.

"I suppose you are thirsty," she went on. He nodded his head. "Well, I just skipped over a jolly little stream back there in the tangle. Come on and I'll fix you up." She started off down the stairs, he shambling after. As they stepped on the porch Dingy drew a great sigh of relief. His fright vanished and he decided to follow the girl to water. He could fill up and then be off.

The girl had stopped only to gather an armful of oranges, and trotted off into the tangle. The forest was thick. Trees grew to a great height encircled by clinging vines. Sword-like bushes and heavy undergrowth hid the wet, spongy ground. In ten minutes, the undergrowth cleared to a level bed of green moss. The trees were lower, spreading long, delicate green arms. A few creeping vines tangled over stones. But best of all a tiny stream gurgled down a terrace of tiny falls, shaded by long, swinging bushes. Beside an opening in these bushes the girl was sitting,

holding her handkerchief in a chill pool of the little brook. As Dingy approached she lifted it to him dripping.

"Swab up a little, Mr. ———"

"Perk, mam," Dingy supplied after violently searching for a nice sort of a name.

"Yes, Mr. Perk. Clean up and then sit down. I want to talk."

Dingy forgot his deep-seated aversion to water and knelt beside the brook plunging his dirty face and hands into its icy coldness. It felt wonderfully good and he drank deeply of it. Hardly had he finished the last delicious gulp when Margaret commenced.

"Mr. Perk, are you a tramp?"

"Yes, Miss," said Dingy as he settled into a comfortable position. "Come to think on it, I does considerable tramping."

"You never work, I suppose?"

"Yes, mam, I'se a handy feller."

"Handy," Margaret thought. "That means little or perhaps a great deal." "At any rate you haven't a home, have you?" she went on aloud.

Dingy cocked his head and looked cautiously from under his hat. It happened he had three homes but none of the wives suited.

"Why you want to know?" he asked.

"Well, I'll tell you," Margaret answered. "You must have some mind to think with."

Dingy scratched his head.

"You see there are a great many people in the United States."

Dingy wasn't alarmed at this statement. "Lord, I knew that," he thought.

"Now some of these people," she continued, "are in good circumstances. Others aren't. Some support themselves. These others don't, and do you know," she said looking severely at him, "these unsupporting ones hurt the country?"

Dingy didn't quite catch onto the word support, so reached for an orange and began to peel it with his dirty thumb nail.

Margaret watched him a moment, then went on: "The ones that have money, Mr. Perk, help these lazy ones, either in personal or general charities. The personal charity is of course begging from door to door. Did you ever do that?"

"Mighty little you'd ever get out of it, Miss. Don't start," Dingy mumbled, his mouth full of juicy orange.

"Indeed, don't judge others by yourself," she retorted sharply. But then her beloved subject returned to her mind. "Now, in the United States we are very fair. The good of the majority is considered above that of the few. If it is better for the workers, who are the majority of course, to lock up the beggars, criminals, tramps and so on, why, we do it."

At the words "tramps" and "lock up," Dingy stopped short in the midst of swallowing. He had heard this phrase before and it was followed by painful results. From this supposedly harmless companion, it was indeed shocking. He began to listen to her.

"You see that class is a menace. Over one-half of them are in the condition they are because they just want to be. Just plain shiftless! Then of course there are the rest who have been brought to poverty thru maiming, or poor constitutions, or environment. So Mr. Perk, we help the ones that need it and then they don't bother us. But the others who can't be helped, we imprison till they are ready to work. How did you happen to be a tramp?"

Dingy's quick brain saw that this was the time for a masterpiece of a story. The girl's talk was as uncomfortable as she was pretty. Dingy did not like suffragets, so he must stop the girl on her career towards one.

He started slowly, "When I was a young feller, Miss, I was a fine sort. O. K. on the looks, an' drawing my ten bucks per."

"What did you do?" asked Margaret.

"Worked in a biler factry," he answered. "Yis, mam, I stuck ter me job till me wife come along."

"And who was she?"

"Her name was Maggie Clennan; Miss; an' a fine gal she was. Not much on looks, yez understand, but that steady an' handy. I wa'n't a'ter looks, anyhow, an 'sides she suited me. Well, we hitched up, and Lor', Miss, things went fine. Swell, little bunk we had with all purty an' nice inside. Maggie was great on staying to home and fixing up. Jerry! but 'twas fine." His voice trailed off into silence, and he sat blinking his watery eyes.

Margaret gazed sympathetically at him. She liked his story.

"P'raps, I left her alone ter much. I won't say as I weren't ter blame. One night when I come home I found one of those suffringgets jawing at me wife. I shooed the hen out quick enuff, miss, an ———"

"Stop!" cried Margaret, her eyes blazing. "What did you call the lady?"

"Cool, yerself, miss. I meant nothings. My wife, who'd always been that 'bliging now tried ter get haughty like. I told her as how I'd allus sidestepped all women yelling for their rights, an' wanted her to do the same. I told her she ain't had need of no rights, so as not to bother, now. But the poor gal was a goner. She took to running to them women's meetings. Day a'ter day she was away from the shack an' me coming home nights ter an empty house an' no supper.

"This wasn't all. Yer betcher life, not, Miss," went on Dingy, warming up. "One night I came home and waited all night and Maggie never showed up. Gee, I was scared green. Sat up all night waiting. Then the morning paper says as how she had been with a crowd of women smashing winders. All innercent, you'll see. But my poor Maggie, allus was a poor hand ter throw things an' now she hit a police-guy in the bean. He nearly cashed in his checks, so they jugged her."

"How terrible!" breathed Margaret.

"Yer right, Miss. I run ter the police station an' they was a-tryin her. I done me best to get at her but they only threw me out, while me poor gal sat there blubbering. Yer see, she had hit the policeman. There's the rub. When I found she was to be locked up for ten years, I yelled and cursed. Lor'! what good did it do? I sold the shack, and the dough was et up by cheating, lying lawyers. I couldn't save Maggie, Miss. I had no money, no home. Now I'm just sort a wandering nowheres until the ten years is up."

"Oh!" cried Margaret almost sobbing. "Oh, I'm so, so sorry!"

"Don't yer feel bad, Miss," Dingy said, watching her uneasily. His story was surely a success. "I don't now. The ten years is nearly gone. I guess I'll be going now."

"Yes, so you must, Mr. Perk," said Margaret. "You are rested?"

"To be sure, Miss. Jest one word, do yez be sposing that Maggie 'ull have learned to leave others' business alone?"

"I should think she would!" answered Margaret.

"All will go well then. Well goodbye, Miss. And thank ye," and Dingy slowly shambled off into the shadow of the jungle.

"What a story," thought Margaret, watching him disappear. "And I once wanted to arrest him for being a tramp. But such a woman, that Maggie, to bring him to this! Poor man! If she had

only minded her own business—" she stopped. "Why," she cried, her eyes widening as the thought came to her, "I must be something like her!"

III

That evening the moon gazed softly down on Margaret on her veranda steps. Dressed in silky white, she sat listening to the Florida youth beside her. It was all very pleasant in this silent, starry evening. Margaret looked lazily down on the empty street.

A man was coming unsteadily along the sidewalk. As he neared the next yard he reeled and fell against a lamp post. The young man had straightened up and with Margaret was watching the scene.

"The man is drunk—don't look, Margaret," he said after a moment.

Just then the man, laughing foolishly, reached up and smashed the light with his bare fist. The youth sprang to his feet.

"I'm going to run that man in, Margaret. He shouldn't be loose," he said, starting toward the telephone.

Margaret laid a detaining hand upon his arm.

"Oh, don't bother," she said mildly. "That is not our affair, is it, John?"

Alice Paddock.

The Pearls of Moccasin Lake

It was a stormy winter night and cold—for Tennessee. In the big fire place the great logs blazed and crackled merrily in open defiance to the enraged Storm King who rattled the windows and strove to tear the house from its foundation in his impotent fury.

My uncle sat before the fire with me, a child of seven years curled up at his feet, while over in his customary corner sat Old Jerry puffing slowly at his old cob pipe and gazing intently into the fire.

A strange old man was Jerry. No one seemed to know anything about him. He lived alone in his little cabin and tilled his little farm. He rarely spoke even when addressed, and so the people concluded that he must be a little bit "touched." My uncle seemed to understand him, however, and now scarcely a night came that did not find him sitting in the corner of the hearth, smoking and gazing into the fire.

My uncle had been telling me about the mysterious lake situated in the heart of Moccasin Swamp which loomed up dark and sinister not a stone's throw from our door.

"Yes, sir," he declared. "That lake is just chock full of mussels and more than half of 'em pearl bearing!"

"But if there are so many pearls there, why don't somebody go and get 'em?" I queried.

"I suppose people have tried but I never heard of anybody who ever brought any back—too many snakes and things I guess. And besides," he added in a solemn whisper, "some folks say that lake is guarded by something more than snakes. Maybe——"

"Yes an' if it wa'n't for that 'somethin'' that lake would 'a' been cleaned out long ago!" the high quavering voice of Old Jerry broke in. The beady black eyes of the old man were regarding my uncle intently. Then slowly they turned back to the fire. A far away look stole into them.

"The Rogers' tried it and there didn't live the snake that could ha' scared **them.** Why, son, them two had fought sharks in the

Gulf and dove for pearls in the Indian Ocean 'mong'st snakes that would make one o' them moccasins over in the Swamp look 'bout as dangerous as a lap dog. They didn't know what fear meant.

"It must ha' been nigh sixty year ago, yes all o' that," he said slowly and dreamily as though talking to himself. "I wasn't nothin' but a kid then, fifteen or sixteen, maybe, but I can remember it just a plain as if it was yesterday. It was 'long about the middle o' July when the Roger brothers drifted into Clarksville and announced their intention of goin' after the pearls of Moccasin Lake. Folks tried to get 'em to give it up or at least wait until winter when the snakes would be out of the way, but no, they wanted them pearls and they wanted 'em then. They didn't believe in devils an' sich truck, while as fer the snakes, their cowhide boots were thick enough for any snake in this part of the country.

"Say, son, d'ye mind that big hickory 'way upon top o' the cliff back o' Macy's farm? Well if ye climb up pretty near the top, ye c'n see Moccasin. I knew about this, an' when I heard about the Rogers', I hit onto a plan to watch 'em. They was due to start up Nash's crick in about two days. I rummaged around in my Pap's old sea chest and got out a spy glass and the morning they was to start, I got a lunch and hiked up to that tree, shinned up, found a comf'table crotch an' waited.

"With the naked eye, that lake was mighty innocent lookin'. Smooth as a mirror it lay, shimmering in the sun like silver. But when I looked at it through the glass, it was entirely diff'rent. There wa'n't a breath o' air stirrin' and yet the surface was ruffled. Little swirls an' eddies cris-crossed about. Here an' there little black spots was weavin' about amongst the riffles. The banks was dotted with queer lookin' black things. While I looked one of 'em moved, straightened out and slid into the water. I felt a creepy sensation runnin' up an' down my spine. It was easy enough, then, to believe the story folks told about a big bottomless hole in the bottom of that lake.

"Pretty soon I seen somethin' movin' in the rushes at the mouth of Nash's crick and the next minute a big flat bottomed punt come glidin' out into the lake. Quicker'n a wink the water 'round about the boat was lashed to a foam. Pretty soon it looked like the whole lake was riled up. Everywhere them little black spots was dartin' about like a bunch o' water bugs. But the two men in the boat went to work jest as onconcerned 's if there wa'n't a snake within ten mile of 'em. Jake Rogers stood in the stern with the long handled long toothed rake while Sam had the oars. They

dragged a while, then Jake hauled in, shook a moccasin off the handle of the rake and dumped a pile of mussels into the boat. For a minute they stooped over it. Then they jumped up. Jakes hat went sailin' into the air. Sam cut a 'pigeon wing' that come nigh upsettin' the boat. Just about this time, somethin' black showed on the gun'l, wriggled, and slithered into the boat. The next minute it dangled, writhin', and squirmin' from Jake's boot leg. Out come his clasp knife, one sweep, and he kicked the headless carcass into the water. Other heads appeared only to be kicked back by Sam, sort o' keerless like, while Jake went on dredgin'.

"It was about the fourth load. Jake had hauled it about half way up when suddenly he whirled around. Sam stood half crouched, his eyes riveted on somethin' that was comin' over the side of the boat—somethin' that did not slither down into the bottom, but reached out slowly, slowly toward the petrified Sam! Whyd'n't he git out a the way? Why, son, he couldn't no more ha' moved than a robin when ol' Puss' tail begins to wave an' twitch or a squirrel when a blacksnake curls up an' commences to rock his head. The Thing clasped aroun' Sam's leg. The rake slipped from Jake's nerveless fingers and splashed into the water. Then the Thing give a jerk—a splash—and Jake stood alone, a dozen wicked beady eyed heads marking the place where his brother had disappeared! For a moment he stood swaying, then with a jump he gained the seat, grabbed the oars. Son, them oars was heavy ash but they bent like saplin's in a gale under his strokes. The big heavy boat fair shot toward the shore. Yes sir, Jake Rogers, who had fought man-eatin' tiger sharks with a grin and faced death in a hundred diff'rent ways **runnin'**—running from —he did not know what! Son, Jake's muscles were strong but they never could have got any sich speed out o' that boat. No sir it was **fear** that drove that boat along—fear of the unknown.

"The minute the boat grounded, he leaped ashore an' dashed off into the forest.

"Oh yes, he came back, 'bout ten days later—a raving maniac. He went into that swamp a middle aged man tall and straight as a young poplar. He come out a bent, broken old man. The jet black hair was white. The eyes wore a wild haunted expression and glowed with the fire of madness. His face was seamed an' furrowed like mine is. In his pockets were a dozen or so pearls big as pigeon eggs and flawless. From his boot leg dangled the dried shriveled head of a water moccasin. He raved of a million pearls ten million snakes and a long black hand that reached up from the water and took his brother away!"

For fully five minutes the silence was broken only by the big clock ticking solemnly on the mantel. Somewhere out in the forest a gust of wind whistled through the trees like the wail of a lost soul. I shuddered involuntarily and crept closer to my uncle's chair. Slowly the big clock began to toll the hour. Ten times it struck. The old man rose; knocked the ashes from his pipe and put on his big coat.

"Wh—what became of him?" I ventured at last in a voice that trembled in spite of me.

"They sold the pearls and used the money to send him away to an asylum. He died 'bout three years later, screamin' and fightin' to git away from the long black hand that was reachin' out to get him!" Old Jerry answered as he stepped out into the night.

D. J. Firse.

I asked Burroughs a simple thing,
"Why x = y = z and so?"
Burroughs read his math and said:
"Oh, you're too young to know."
I asked Meck about the test:
"Why I stood so low?"
Meck thought a moment and then said:
"Oh, you're too young to know."
Noro, why on earth do you suppose,
They always treated me so?
They asked: "Why is this so?" I said:
"Oh, you're too young to know."

The Hazers

"What will we do with this rube, now that we've got him here?" asked Remick, cocking his head and looking at the bound and gagged captive at his feet.

The grin on his face suddenly changed to a loud laugh. "Ha, Ha! That's the funniest thing I've ever seen out side of a zoo," he managed to say between his paroxysms of laughter.

The object of his mirth certainly was a funny sight to behold. Between his broad brimmed felt hat and his gag could be seen a pair of bright blue eyes looking questioningly at his captors, who were standing in deep consultation.

Suddenly they stepped toward their captive, blindfolded him and literally carried him out of the door and into the starless night. The air seemed still and heavy and the quiet of the night was not even broken by the rustling of the leaves. It was a splendid sample of one of the dark and dreary autumn nights that northern Michigan is noted for.

They walked for about five minutes in the direction of the railroad. "Well boys, we'll have to hurry; we've got only about fifteen minutes before the eleven o'clock train," remarked one of the boys pulling out his watch. The captive heard a few chuckles and felt himself being hurried along until he was going almost on a run.

In a few minutes he felt he was walking on wood instead of the solid ground he had been on a second before. A thought flew to his mind. He knew now where they had taken him; he was on the trestle that led over the stream near the college.

At last the crowd stopped and the leader, walking over to him told two of the boys to seize and throw him across the track. This they did, binding his hands and feet to the rails.

"Insolent freshman," began the leader, standing over him, "you had better say your prayers. You are now approaching your doom. Farewell!" The captive then heard the hazers leaving the trestle. He lay quiet a few moments wondering what they were going to do. Suddenly he heard the whistle of an oncoming train in the distance.

"They're only fooling," he thought to himself; "they will come back in a minute or so and let me loose." The minute passed but the hazers had not returned. Armstrong began to get nervous as the train approached nearer and nearer.

"Why don't they come?" A thousand things flashed through his mind. He had heard of cases where hazers had waited too long and the victim had been killed. The train came on at a steady speed, the engineer ringing his bell at regular intervals. That meant that he did not see him. "There is not one chance in a thousand that he will see me," he thought, "because I am in the shadow of the railing. Closer and closer came the train. He knew it was too late now for them to untie him.

He uttered a prayer and tried to scream, but his gag prevented this. With a mighty effort he tried, to jerk himself free but his effort was futile and he fell back exhausted.

The train was not more than fifty feet away by this time. He thought of his home with its latticed porch, of his mother with her smiling face as she had bidden him good bye, only the week before. He gave an awful sob and then knew nothing more.

What seemed to him hours later, he heard a noise. He could not understand it. How was it that he was still here?

His eyes were unbound and the gag removed. Sitting up he stared around trying to see what had happened. At last he comprehended. He had been bound to the left track and the train had gone by on the right.

Five years had sped by and the hazers and hazed had all passed from college. The raw boned country youth, Armstrong, was now at the head of his father's steel mill in Steelburgh. Remick was traveling salesman for a large clothing factory.

One day while traveling through northern Michigan he chanced to come to Steelburgh. Remembering his old friend from college he thought he would look him up.

It was a joyous meeting and he was invited to spend the night, and go the next morning to see the steel works.

Bright and early the following day they started for the mill. On the way they talked about the gala times they had spent in college and of all the pranks they had played.

How they laughed when they recalled the time when they had taken a cow up the stairs into the "Prexy's" office and how they were compelled as a punishment to take her down which could only be done through the window casing by using a block and tackle!

Armstrong mentioned the time when he had been hazed and described how it had nearly scared him to death. "No I have never forgotten it," he reiterated, "I made up my mind then that I would get even sometime. The chance never has presented itself and I suppose I'm too old now, and it never will."

They walked along for about a half mile before reaching the furnaces. Remick was all eyes and ears, for this was the first time that he had ever seen anything of this kind. They passed through the yards, passing section after section of furnaces.

In the middle of the works was the rolling mill, the din and clatter of which could be heard for miles around. Remick stopped and peered trough the window and watched the men at their perilous game. As the hot rails shot out of the rollers and curled up toward the ceiling the workers would grab them with their tongs. The game was in seeing who could hang on the longest and let them go the highest before letting go and dropping to the ground.

This was a very dangerous play, for if they hung on too long, the other end of the rail might leave the roller and fall which would mean sure death to the man engaged in this.

"Come on, Remick, come on," Armstrong finally said dragging him along by the arm, "We won't get around if we don't move on."

"Of all the gambles with death I ever saw, this beats them all," Remick answered with a last lingering look at the fascinating sight.

They now approached the extreme end of the works where a new section of furnaces had just been erected and climbing the stairs on the outside, they reached a telephone booth into which Armstrong stepped. He came out about five minutes later with a twinkle in his bright eyes and a lurking smile on his lip. "This," he said, pointing to a narrow passage between two walls, at the end of which could be seen the yawning gap of a fiery furnace, "is a new mechanical device for feeding the furnace. We lay the bars of steel on this series of rollers and in this way they enter the furnace with out endangering the lives of the men.

"Heaven help any man that ever gets on it! There'd be a puff of smoke and ———." He finished with an expressive shrug of his broad shoulders.

After a few moments of silence the young men walked on, Remick shuddering at the thought of such a terrible death befalling any human being.

From this good point of view, about fifty feet from the ground, Armstrong pointed out the many other places of interest in the works; the heaps of slag, the mountains of ore, huge pyramids of "pigs," and the winding feed tracks over which all these were transported.

After looking around for awhile, they walked around the side of the furnace toward the stairs. Going down about five stairs they

came to a doorway. Armstrong pointed to it and told Remick to precede him.

Remick stepped into the doorway. Just as he passed through it, the door slammed behind him. He sprang at the handle of the door, but it had locked itself automatically. Remick rattled the knob wondering why Armstrong didn't open the door.

After waiting a few minutes he looked around to see where he was. His eyes fell upon an opening about fifteen feet away. Like a flash they dropped to the floor and then he realized where he was.

He remembered all the terrible things Armstrong had told him about the runway. He glanced down and saw the fiery furnace in the distance. Supposing this should start! He shuddered at the thought.

Knowing that the door was locked Remick decided to walk up to the opening which was only a few yards away.

Just as he was starting he felt the floor move under his feet.

"Good God!" he thought, "have they started it running?" Remick increased his speed trying to overcome the speed of the runway and to reach the opening. But the runway, steadily increasing in speed, kept him nearly in the same relative position from which he had started.

He saw at once that he had only two chances. Either he must reach the opening not more than twenty feet away from him (it seemed miles when running against the speed of a runaway) or else allow himself to be drawn into the fiery cavity which he knew was yawning at him in the distance.

"Lucky for me," he thought realizing the absurdity of the idea even as it came to him, "that I was a sprinter while at college. It will at least lengthen my life even if it won't save it."

Faster and faster he ran. He was beginning to get fagged. He thought of the many mean things he had done.

"Why oh, why, didn't Armstrong try to save him?"

Suddenly a thought flashed before him, the thought of what Armstrong had said that morning. Could this be his revenge for the boyish prank at college? No, it was too horrible! Yet why didn't he stop the machinery and let him out?

Faster and faster he ran. His breath was about gone now. It was only superhuman effort, brought on by fear, that kept him going.

Gradually he began to get dizzy; his head swam and everything seemed in a whirl. He stumbled, caught himself, stumbled again, and then fell to the ground. He uttered a short prayer to

reconcile himself to God, then gasping for breath he lay waiting for the awful death that approached him.

What was that creaking he heard? Could he believe his ears? Was it really stopping? Yes, it had stopped! Remick glanced up. He had stopped almost opposite the door where he had entered. He tried to get up but fell back exhausted. The run and the scare had been too much for him. The door opened and he saw Armstrong standing above him laughing heartily. Remick could not see the joke then, and Armstrong, sudden remorse overtaking him at the sight of Remick's drawn face, ran down to him, picked him up, carried him out to his auto and rushed him home.

The runway was nothing more than a treadmill. The faster he ran the faster it would go. If he had stood still it would have stopped. The fiery furnace that he had seen in the distance was two fiery brands that Armstrong had telephoned the men to put there.

"It served me perfectly right," Remick said the next night at a large dinner given in his honor, "but I think it was a mean trick anyway!"

Louis M. Cohn, '13.

"Knock and the world knocks with you,
Boast and you boast alone;
When you roast good and loud,
You will find that the crowd,
Has a hammer as big as your own."

When June Calls

SLIPPED away from civilization upon one of those balmy days of early June. Dame Nature was clothed in her best so I decided to call upon her. It had been a long time since I had seen my old friend and playmate, therefore it was with a heart beating like a school boy's on the morn of an anticipated school picnic that I packed myself a lunch and struck out for the wilds. I walked swiftly thru the swaying grass, almost running at times when a gust of pure, sweet air caught me and pushed me onward.

I plunged into the wood. I drew deep draughts of the fragrant air into my lungs. The air seemed to stimulate me and take me back to childhood. It was the fountain of youth. As I passed slowly thru the forest the violets and may-flowers lifted their dew stained faces to welcome me and give me their blessings. The boys-and-girls, the ferns, and the jack-in-the-pulpits all gave me a friendly nod and smiled. I soon recognized many secluded nooks in which I had played when a boy. Upon a mound I found the remains of a very rude hut. It was the hut in which I had played I was Daniel Boone. These rude broken sticks were reminders of the most happy time in my life. As I stood looking at these relics I again fought imaginary Indians or hunted about the woods. Then was the time when squirrels were dreadful panthers, jumping from limb to limb in an endeavor to find a desirable position from which to spring upon me. The woodchucks were grizzly bears and the rabbits were deer flying through the forest.

A short distance away were several large pine trees, but the old "Giant," as we used to call it, rose many feet above its brothers and the entire valley could be seen from its uppermost boughs. How majestic and stern the old tree stood! My heart beat quickly as I remembered climbing from limb to limb until I stood in the uppermost swaying boughs. How my head swam as I first looked down upon the surrounding country! Then I was a Balboa; Crystal lake a mile away was my Pacific, and a wooden sword waved above my head as I proclaimed all the territory within my view to belong to the United States of America. The staff of a small cotton flag still stood where I had nailed it upon the highest portion of the trunk.

At other times Crystal lake was the Atlantic ocean and I was a Columbus and sailed about it upon an unsubstantial raft which I had made. A small island covered with underbrush was America. I shall never forget the day when I first swam across the Atlantic ocean. Columbus could not have been more happy when he sighted land than I was when I crawled upon the shore of my America.

As I wandered on, winding my way among large trees and over fallen logs covered with creeping vines, I heard a rustling sound at my feet. I sprang back, instinctively grasped a stick and struck at the flat black head protruding from under a small log. I missed him. The fiery forked tongue shot out, but this time I reached him and the adder lay still, wriggling in the moist earth. This little incident set me dreaming again. Once more I could experience the feelings through which I passed when playing "Knight" in those same forests. I had taken a foolish oath to conquer every foe that crossed my path. I had knocked down decaying stumps and rolled logs out of my path imagining them to be robbers and bad knights, when I noticed directly before me a huge snake basking in the sun. I stood watching its shining body for some time. Here was the first real live dragon I had ever encountered. I nearly lost my courage and broke my vow but near me lay a large stone. I lifted it, raised it above my head and cast it at the snake. Suddenly turning, I ran down the path hearing the rustling of the snake directly behind me. Upon retracing my footsteps I found the snake where the rock had fallen upon it.

Soon I moved onward again, parting the leafy brush before me. Softly in the distance I heard the murmur of the brook, still happy, still content with life. After a few minutes' walk I found myself upon the grassy bank of a limpid pool. Across the pool, still fastened in the bare roots of a tree, was the old spring board from which I had dived many times to explore the glistening gravel at the bottom of the pool. A large sucker lay sullenly at the bottom, seemingly asleep, but when I moved nearer he darted away a few feet only to resume his sullen mood. Here was where I learned the art of swimming. At first I used to paddle about upon a plank but one day I accidentally rolled off and found myself frantically fighting for life. To my surprise and relief I found I was not only retaining myself at the top of the water, but was making slow progress toward the shore, which was but a few feet away. I rolled out upon the bank almost exhausted but oh, so happy! I had really truly swam to shore. After that bathing was more of a pleasure to me.

I again felt that impulse to plunge into the clear, cool, inviting water. I quickly undressed, again dived from the old plank and found myself splashing about and enjoying myself as much as ever before. I swam by every method I knew, and after a bracing half hour climbed out and dressed.

I then for the first time that day thought of hunger or rest. I unpacked my lunch and began to eat. Never had sandwiches tasted better, never had hard boiled eggs been more delicious, and surely cake had never tempted me more. I had nearly finished when I noticed a bed of leeks near by. I pulled several and dressed them. These wild onions surely were sweeter and more juicy than any vegetable cultivated. These made me think of the many times I had been punished for eating them and then going to school. So one day I crushed them and placed them in the teacher's desk for revenge.

The stars were blossoming in the blue sky when I reached the old home. As I passed the window I heard my mother singing as she prepared the evening meal. And with that song the years slipped away and I was a little boy again, coming home from the woods in June.

Glenn F. Luckey.

He didn't read the papers, for they hadn't any news;
At least, they didn't coincide with his especial views;
And when he came to town one day with criticism ripe,
He climbed to an electric lamp to light his ancient pipe.
He hadn't read the papers but he knew just what was best,
He simply touched the wires and the fluid did the rest.

Biscuit Denham of the Bar C

Montana lay in the grip of the fiercest winter in years. Terrible blizzards, bringing snow, ice, and intense cold, swooped down from the North and imprisoned the rivers and creeks. Bitter winds and driving sleet swept the unsheltered herds of hungry cattle from the ranges and coulees, and buried the prairie grass, their sole sustenance, in fourteen inches of snow. Multitudes of gaunt steers fled before the fury of the storms. Cattle from Canada, Northern Montana, the Cypress Hills, the Sweet Grass Hills, and the Musselshell River hurried miserably towards the south.

Then the great spring Chinook came. The warm southern winds melted the ice and snow like butter, the water flowing in little rivulets to the streams that were stirring from their long sleep. The evening before, Winter had held undisputed sway, but the morning sun saw the ground wet and sodden with snow-water, and the cattle, no longer driven by biting winds, munched the dead brown grass that twelve hours ago was locked beneath a crust of frozen snow.

The winter brought confusion to the stockmen, for the ranges had been swept clean of cattle from Canada to the Missouri and on that great stream's northern bank thousands of steers were collected. The brands seemed hopelessly mixed, yet every cattleman whose herds had drifted before the blizzard, came with his company of cow-punchers and gathered with the others on the surrounding hills.

Then came weeks of the weary work of "cutting out." Steers bearing the same brand were separated from the masses and gathered in herds by their owners. At night, tired cow-boys returned to their outfits after a day of ceaseless riding, slept, and rose early for another day in the saddle. Day after day passed and thousands of steers still ranged freely over the hills. But there is an end to all things and the latter part of May saw the herds separated and homeward bound.

A portion of the Bar C cattle, under the care of two cow-punchers, trailed slowly over the hills towards the Bar C ranch on Perch Creek. For three days they had traveled under shining spring skies with fleecy white clouds loitering lazily overhead. Now the sky was darkening and black rain clouds rolled up threateningly from the horizon.

The storm broke at night and the rain fell in torrents, drenching the green ground. It was Biscuit Denham's guard. Mounted on his horse, Bullets, he rode slowly around the sleeping forms that dotted the side of the little hill. Now and then a restless steer rose to his feet and tried to leave the herd, but he was quickly turned back by Bullets, who was born and bred on the range. The rain still fell. It beat against Biscuit's yellow slicker and flowed off in streams to the soggy ground. At midnight Biscuit stuck his head through the flap in the tent.

"Bob! hey Bob!" he yelled. Bob snored comfortably. "Wake up! It's yore guard." No answer. "Doggone yore ornery hide, I'll fix yuh!" muttered Biscuit.

He took off his wet hat and shook it over the slumberer's face. Bob jumped from the blankets with a yell of surprise.

"Blame it all, a man can't get any sleep at all when you're around! I'll get back at ye though, ye dinged biscuit chewer!"

"Well, how long d'ye s'pose I'm goin' to stay out there an' swim in that rain? Consarn ye, I want some rest too." Bob Haskins sleepily crawled into his slicker and disappeared through the flap. Biscuit threw himself upon the damp blankets and slept.

The morning brought little relief, for the downpour settled into a steady montonous drizzle. After making compact bundles of the tent and blankets and strapping them behind the saddles they started. The weary bedraggled cattle plodded slowly over the spongy ground and the rolling prairie lost itself on all sides in a grey haze. With heads bent and slickers drawn close, the two men sat limply in the saddles. Now and then they stopped to turn an unruly steer into the ranks but soon fell back to the rear of the herd and rode together.

"Rotten weather," grunted Bob.

"Yup," returned Biscuit.

"Old Perch Crick 'll be on the rampage before we get there."

"Blamed glad we don't have to cross, ain't you?"

"Durned right! I'm wet enough now without gittin' into that," said Bob fervently.

"It'll be the biggest flood in years. Think o' all that snow up in the mountains and then this rain to boot! Why I'll bet a six-shooter the water'll be up to the door-step at the old Bar C if this keeps up."

"Watch that steer!" grunted Bob. Biscuit turned the steer back to the herd and resumed his position. For a while both were silent.

"Perch is jest beyond that rise," Biscuit finally observed.

"Uh-huh."

"Bet we can't drive these steers 'long the flats."

"Have to drive 'em 'long the ridge then."

They neared the ridge and Biscuit rode ahead to turn the cattle. As he had expected, the flats were flooded. He glanced casually over the water. Suddenly with a quick jerk he reined in the horse. "What the deuce!" he ejaculated. Caught on a snag in the channel was a small house swaying back and forth with the current. He yelled to Bob, who was turning the herd not far away, and pointed to the river. "The Irishman's shack! O'Riley that lives near Bar C.—Aw let the cattle go and come here!" Bob rode up beside him.

"Well, spit it out," said he. For an answer Biscuit again pointed to the river. Bob looked.

"Holy cats! Ain't that O'Riley's shack?" He turned to Biscuit and found him staring wildly at the swaying house. "What the devil's the matter with you!" snorted Bob.

"O'Riley's little girl is on the porch! Look! Don't yuh see her red dress?"

"Biscuit! The falls! They're just around that south bend! If that shack tears loose the gal is a goner.—Doggone it! I'm going after her."

But Biscuit did not wait to listen. He threw aside his slicker and rode down to the bank into the swirling yellow flood. Bullets was soon out of his depth but he swam well and made the channel just above the snagged house. As they bore down upon it Biscuit could see a little fair-haired girl clutching a post of the porch, screaming with terror whenever a wave splashed over her. He guided Bullets close to it and reached out for the child. Suddenly the house tore loose from the snag and slid swiftly down the river. Biscuit urged the horse after it. For a few minutes they made no gain. Then Biscuit spurred the horse and the gap began to close. Finally they overtook the shack and this time Biscuit did not fail. He snatched the child from the porch, swung her to the saddle, and turned Bullets toward the shore.

The turbulent yellow flood buffeted the horse. Great drift logs and trees swept by, their gnarled roots pawing the air as they rolled and bounced in the swirling water. They were about half way to the shore when Bullets was suddenly drawn under by the undertow, leaving Biscuit floundering with the little girl in his arms. He began to swim, holding the child's head above water. It was strenuous work. He had to dodge snags and logs. The

dirty water dashed in his face and blinded him. The terrible undertow clutched at his legs and worst of all, he could hear the sullen roar of the falls growing louder. The shore seemed far away when viewed from the level of the water and Biscuit almost despaired of reaching it. He saw Bullets scramble up the bank to safety. Relieved of his burden, the horse had easily made the land.

As the falls were neared the river began to narrow and the current flowed faster. He was swept close to the shore and someone shouted to him. On the bank was Bob, swinging a lasso. He let it fly but it struck the water beyond Biscuit's reach. Frantically Bob pulled it in. He ran down the bank towards the falls. The roaring of the water seemed like thunder and already Biscuit could feel the flying spray. Then Bob cast the lasso again. It uncoiled swiftly, wormed its way through the air, and landed in the water close to the struggling man. He grasped it and slipped his arm through the noose. Bob passed the other end around a rock and braced himself for the jerk. Suddenly the current grasped Biscuit and swept him to the brink of the cataract. He felt himself lifted upon a huge wave and his feet cleared the water. He brought up with a jerk that nearly tore the arm from his body. Then he felt himself slowly but surely drawn back. The water pulled and tugged like some demon being cheated of its prey. But Bob was no weakling and the stout lasso had thrown many a steer. With the half drowned child still in his arms Biscuit was pulled up onto the rocks.

He lay exhausted for nearly an hour while at intervals Bob poured brandy down his throat. Finally he opened his eyes and looked about. He saw the falls and shuddered. Not far from him was the child, asleep, and beside him sat Bob with the bottle in his hand. Biscuit got up and walked about. His strength gradually came back.

"Have to run them steers up to the Bar C before night," he observed.

"Yup," Bob grunted.

"What'll we do with the little gal?"

"Take her along, ye fool," said Bob cheerfully.

Ray Johnson.

A Question of Morals

A buzzing of tongues, a giggle here and there from the group of girls, a sprinkling of gold-and-grey jerseys as prospective athletes stood talking to their friends and admirers; this is what you would have seen and heard if you had been there.

It was the day of the annual interclass track meet at old Holstead Academy, and the gym was packed with students and a seasoning of alumni. Pretty girls were in abundance with their usual attendants; flashing eyes and excited faces were everywhere.

Across this scene suddenly boomed the voice of the announcer "All out for the standing broad jump!"

Silently the entries trotted onto the floor. The eye quickly singled out the raw recruits from the veterans, for the former were moving nervously about, waiting their turn, while the latter were taking life easy, talking to the spectators, and the like. Soon the flash of a lithe body and the thump as it landed attracted the attention of everybody. The general average was about six feet nine inches until Masters, a big bronze-haired senior with a gloomy morbid look but an excellent set of muscles, made seven feet three. Olson, a junior of middle size with a cheerful, happy, you-may-care smile always flickering across his face, duplicated the feat. Masters then made seven feet six. Olson tried, and after failing three times, gave it up. So the Seniors drew first blood.

Next on the program was the running broad jump. Williams a Soph and captain of the basket ball team, by virtue of his powerful legs, made twelve feet four. Craig, the Junior hope, made the same. Donnelly, a dark Senior built like Masters made twelve feet six. Craig duplicated it and Williams proceeded to make it twelve feet eight. Donnelly and Craig could not make it, and the Sophs stood even with the Seniors. The Juniors were unmistakably blue.

Then came the high jump. Walters, a Senior whom every one considered a little too self important, made five feet five. Weldon, the lean, wiry blue eyed Soph hope, repeated the performance. Carlton, the crack Junior man and a noted half back, used his long

lean lithe body to good advantage and made five feet eight. Try as they would the others could not make it. And now the three, Seniors, Juniors, and Sophs stood on the same level.

Excitement prevailed; the judges seemed the only sane persons. "Everybody out for the two-twenty!" This was an important event, for with three tied for first place, and the best athletes in the school competing, it promised to be very interesting. The attention of all but three was riveted on this event. The three were Smith, a serious minded, strong charactered Soph, Davis, a big easy going Junior, and Eggers, a happy medium and a Senior. These three were commonly called the "Big Three" because of their great size and similarity in appearance.

They were arguing just now in heated tones.

"Aw gwan! Smoking a little now and then doesn't hurt you," said Davis.

"Not unless you inhale it," added Eggers.

"Talk all you like boys, but I'm firmly convinced that it is harmful," replied Smith. And his square, set jaw showed he wouldn't be convinced otherwise.

They were just passing into the little corridor leading to the dressing room, and as they entered they passed two alumni standing there. An attendant was also coming out at the same moment.

The oldest of the alumni, a man of about fifty with gray sprinkled hair, turned and looked at the "Big Three." Then he said to the other:

"I wish that Smith was my son. He's straight and clean-lined and he looks as though he might be true as steel to his friends. He's a boy anybody might be proud of!"

"Same here," replied the other, a man some ten years younger.

Meanwhile the three had passed the attendant. Smith was startled at the look of cunning malicious hatred he gave Eggers and Davis.

"That man will bear watching," he thought.

The others however didn't notice it, being intent upon the argument.

"Nice little boy, wont mama let you smoke?" continued Eggers smilingly.

Smith said nothing, athough he flushed a very bright red. Instead he went over to his locker and started to dress for the

mile. Eggers and Davis were to run also, and they had just opened their lockers when "Tub" Lewis, a good natured Soph sprinter, came up, saying that two girls were down below looking for Eggers and Davis.

Off the two went without closing their lockers. Lewis stood talking to Smith, and, on being asked how it was going, stated that the Juniors took the two-twenty, the seniors the quarter, but the Sophs were sure of the half.

So saying he went off to his locker and Smith being now fully dressed sat pondering as he waited for Eggers and Davis. Would he win or would he lose? He would leave that for the race to decide.

Just then he was startled by the footsteps of the attendant. He watched him. The attendant seeing the lockers open, glided over to them, an evil smile of triumph wreathing his face the while. Swiftly closing the lockers, he withdrew the keys and flung them up on top of the lockers on the other side.

Smith saw and understood. They would have to hunt for their keys, and that would make them too late for the mile. He would be easily the winner and it would teach them not to be girl-crazy.

For a moment he debated as to whether to leave the keys where they were or put them back in the lockers.

"No! I'll win fairly or not at all," he growled.

Swiftly he took the keys and placed them back in the lockers. Soon Eggers and Davis came up and dressed. While dressing they chaffed Smith on not having enough nerve to smoke. All they said could be summed up in one of Davis' expressions:

"Aw gwan, you havent got brains enough to smoke!"

Smith said nothing but his jaw was set like a vise and his grey eyes gleamed. He would wait until they were on the track and he would show them.

Soon all three went down to the gym and found that the Freshmen entries, McWatters for the pole vault and Barnum for the shot-put, had surprised everybody by carrying off the honors in those events, while the other three had been tied both for second and third places. And instead of the tension being relieved it was increased.

"All out for the mile!" came the call. It was awful as the "Big Three," the hopes of the leaders, took their places along with some would-be milers. Davis had the pole, Smith next and Eggers

was on the outside. Soph's, Junior's, and Senior's fates were hanging in the balance. Who would win? The next five minutes would tell. Crack! and they were off! The would-be's, after vainly trying to keep the pace, dropped out, and after the fourth lap the track was clear.

Neck and neck strode the three, and so it went until the fifteenth. Davis and Eggers began to weaken. Smith increased the pace; Davis and Eggers began to run heavily.

Sixteenth and no difference! Seventeenth, Smith a little in the lead! Crack! the sprint. "Smith! Smith!" "Come on Smith!" "Run Davis!" "Run!" "Run!" "Sprint Eggers, Sprint!" "Smith!" "Davis!" "Smith!" "Eggers!" "Eggers!" Would it never end? They were rounding the home stretch and Smith still leads. What? Davis and Eggers closing up? No they cannot! Smith leads by a foot now! Suddenly all becomes blurred in front of Smith. But the deep booming hurrah of the Sophs tells him that he has won.

"Four minutes and fifty seconds! Whew! wish I could make that," gasped Eggers up in the dressing room a little later.

"You could if you didn't smoke," said Smith.

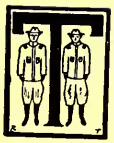
"Well, I reckon so!" observed Davis ruefully.

Norwood Ekers, 1915.

MATHEMATICAL LOVE MAKING.

2 lovers sat beneath the shade,
And 1 un 2 the other said,
"How 14 8 that you, be 9,
Have smiled upon this suit of mine."
If 5 a heart it pales for you;
Your voice is mu 6 melody;
'Tis sweet to be your loved 1, 2."
"Say, O nymph, wilt marry me?"
She, lisping, said, "Why, 13 ly."

"Be Prepared"



HE two clouds of dust creeping along the horizon developed, in an hour or more, into two wagon-loads of hot, but cheerful scouts. Near the little bridge, just over the last big rise, the two wagons part company, one crossing the bridge, the other continuing on its never ceasing journey; for three miles is quite a distance when you haven't eaten anything substantial since five that morning, and now the red sun is slowly dropping into a bank of green over on old "Lookout." As the wagon hits a boulder in the road and swerves to one side a scout with none too secure a position on top, slips and hits a burlap bag farther down with resounding thud. With a rub to the favored spot and a muttered, "Gee, the leg of that pot is sure some hard," he scrambles back to his former position.

As they draw near their temporary home, "Bricktop," as the fellows dubbed him, remarked, "I'll have to admit that certainly is some swimming pool." At this there was an outbreak of remarks and jokes. "There's Brick admitting something he doesn't know anything about again," broke in Bob Armstrong. This remark was followed by another burst of amusement, but "Brick" didn't mind; he was used to this sort of thing, and rather liked being the joke of the troop.

After unharnessing the horses and hobbling them, they set to work in true military fashion to erect their camp, for I want you to understand they weren't any tenderfeet nor rookies. An order from the scoutmaster was carried out with such precision, that even the scout commissioner, who came on his motorcycle a couple of hours later, could not find any fault with it. After making camp all went in for a swim except one patrol which was detailed to construct the camp kitchen. Oh! how cool and refreshing that water felt and what fun they had, but at "recall" each and every one was clambering up the banks to his tent and rubdown. Ten minutes later as "mess" was sounded, each was dressed and shining like a new dollar—no one the worse for his long ride. That evening over crackling logs and chestnuts, stories were told and plans laid out for the rest of their stay.

"Oh, I say it ain't time to get up yet?" or "Wow, I'll bet that water's cold," and the like, were some of the yells that greeted you when you awoke next morning. The day passed so quickly in getting the camp in order; and enjoying three swims and a ball game, that hardly any one could realize that it was time to turn in as "taps" were sounded at nine o'clock. I awoke some time in the night and heard someone drowsily mutter as he tightened the guy ropes, "This storm is certainly going to be a pippin," but I rolled over and soon was in peaceful slumber, which might have been otherwise, had I heard the irregular fall of the large dam a half a mile up the lake. This dam, by the way, was seventy-five feet high and held back a body of water of approximately three billion gallons. It also formed a small lake which covered about three hundred acres of ground. From here the water fell to another lake below, a mile wide and three miles long. The latter was the one on which we camped.

On awakening in the morning it was to a water-logged world, but never daunted, after breakfast we started on a scouting expedition to obtain our bearings. We naturally took the direction of most interest, which was toward the great dam, for we had all heard of it, but none of us had ever seen it. We worked our way along the edge of the lake the best we could, until we could get a fair view, which we finally obtained a little over a quarter of a mile this side. One glance told us something was wrong.

"Holy smokes, that's a funny dam!" said one of the younger fellows, "water seems to be coming out of a small hole a little over half way down instead of thru the gate or over the top."

"Coming out like an express train, too," yelled someone else as we stumbled along, for now the noise was becoming deafening.

When not over two hundred feet from the dam the fellows in the lead stumbled over the limp form of a man, who had evidently been stunned by a falling limb. He afterwards turned out to be the keeper. "Scouts three and four of the Wolves detailed ———," bawled the scoutmaster and the rest was lost as he sped on.

Upon reaching the damkeeper's shack, we found that not only had the telephone line been wrecked outside, but also farther down the valley, for we could make no connection with the operator. A hurried examination of the dam showed it wouldn't last more than five hours at the longest. How was the little town of Norcross, ten miles down the valley, to be warned? At the thought, the speech of the younger boys failed, while the faces of the older ones grew clammy with sweat. The scoutmaster was already barking

orders. "Nothing to be gained by staying here! You Wolves take the road, the Stags take the edge of the lake, and the first ones getting into camp break out the signal flags and try to raise '17' across the lake! You know the rest. For the love of Mike, sprint!" Almost before he had finished speaking they were gone. "Now the rest of you fellows help those two Wolves get that poor fellow up here and make him as comfortable as possible. Double time!"

On the way back the scoutmaster remarked, "If the commissioner had only waited until afternoon before his return it would have helped some, for we could have used his motorcycle."

Nor may we imagine that those Wolves and Stags were having an easy time of it either. Fully aware of the responsibility that rested on their shoulders, those along the lake ran where they could and stumbled and plunged the rest of the way over those two tortuous and never-ending miles. Burdened down with wet clothing and hindered by heavy roads and two additional miles, the other six fellows weren't having a much easier time. Staggering into camp with choking lungs, aching muscles, and torn and bespattered clothing, ten minutes ahead of the Wolves, the Stags more by sheer will-power than by physical strength, forced themselves up to the signaling platform.

"A-G" "A-G"! Would those fellows across the lake never see —never see those two blurs of red on those two blocks of white? "A-G" "A-G." Again and again the flags repeated. Would no one chance to see those two wig-wagging arms of fate? Finally the reader with a pair of field glasses pressed to his eyes announced, between gasps, a commotion in the camp across the lake. Could that be they?—No—But yes, two little specks hardly discernible to the naked eye seemed to wave welcomingly across the intervening water. "OK"—"OK"—"AG" they signed off. Immediately, as the last word left the reader's mouth, the flags on this side began to spell out their fatal message, seeming glad to get it off their wooden minds. "D-a-m b-u-r-s-t-i-n-g. W-a-r-n N-o-r-c-r-o-s-s. S-e-n-d h-e-l-p." Stop! The receiving station was asking for a repetition of the last three words. Would they never understand? But as the sender complied with their request, they evidently did, for the reader announced four specks on the Norcross road just outside of their camp traveling toward the unsuspecting town.

As their part of the ordeal was now over they sank to the platform in silence, each wrapped in his own thoughts, perfectly satisfied to stay where he had dropped. While the distance from "17" camp to town was only about half that from their own, still it was six miles by road, of hilly, muddy going. Those four cyclists,

while the best in the troop, might not be able to stay that long. But they weren't going to worry about any "maybes" or "mights"; their part was done and they would have to leave the rest to the others.

But they did get to town and warned the people and two automobile loads of repair men were rushed to the scene.

The dam was finally repaired, though not without a lot of work for in those three hours and a half the hole had grown to a respectable size.

After the town had settled down and the people had had a chance to think over the different events, each troop was presented with a handsome trophy by the grateful inhabitants, and in the words of "Peanuts," the smallest member of either troop, "They sure were some swell!"

Allen Price, 1913.

REPORT CARD DAY.

Came the awful black-faced horseshoes,
Came the U's in quick succession,
Filled their cards in all the spaces,
Filled their minds with gloom and anger
Till the students fled in terror,
(They declared it was an error),
Fled unto the mighty Barker,
Fled unto the Kink of Tech High,
But the overburdened Barker,
Would not listen to their wailing,
Would not listen to their curses,
Then the Fathers saw the damage,
Led the way unto the woodshed.
Thus it happens every fourth week,
Caused by lessons; Fittakillyah.

Italian Days

In a small town near Naples, Italy, still stands my old stone home surrounded by a garden, with its large patches of sunflowers, their golden yellow faces turned toward the clear blue sky.

The most happy days spent in Italy during my childhood were those on our large farm. Many hours were occupied in picking the big brown figs and the best grapes that could be found in the vineyards. When autumn came I gathered nuts under the trees, while someone shook the laden branches. Sometimes while standing under the trees a shower of nuts would come tumbling on my head, and after yelling to the one shaking the tree to stop, I would rush away to count them, not heeding my bruised head. At lunch time I was often very hungry and fatigued after scrambling up fruit trees and chasing down the lanes to get cool spring water.

The finest time of all spent on the farm was when we threshed our wheat. My sister and I skipped around the field where the wheat was threshed, and were covered with the chaff which popped up as the grain was beaten. After the wheat was threshed the remaining grain was taken to the mill to be made into flour. Here we troubled the millers by taking handfuls of flour and scattering it all over the floors, and before we girls were out of the mill we looked like ghosts with our faces and clothes smeared with flour.

Another great outdoor pleasure was olive picking. What great fun it was in running from one tree to another to ask who had picked the most olives! The trees were very low so that it was not dangerous to climb the small wooden ladders that rested against them to pick the ripe olives. The process of oil making I do not recall, but I always went to the mill when our olives were taken there to be made into oil.

At the age of four I entered one of the country schools, and here the boys and girls were separated as the women teachers were not severe enough for the former.

Our teacher was a very stern looking woman and very severe. Each morning as she came around to watch us writing she struck the top of our hand with a rod if the pen was not held in the right way. When anything wrong was done in the school room we were sent home for our parents and had to be punished by them in the presence of the teacher.

The only happy hours spent in school were in the afternoon, as we sewed, embroidered and knit stockings. The first thing we were taught in that line was to knit wicks. This was to train us to use the knitting needles as the next problem, the knitting of stockings, required great skill. In knitting wicks only two needles are used, while for stockings five are required. I never shall forget the trouble I had in making my first pair of stockings, as the heel is very difficult. I was six years old when I finished my first heel.

With the early bloom of spring came my first visit to Naples. When we arrived in the crowded streets of this city we hardly knew where to turn as crowds stood on all sides. Great festivities were taking place there then, as the King of Italy had invited the Emperor of Germany to visit him. At night the illumination was beautiful, arcs of electric lights in a compact form illuminated the busy streets, while flowers and banners of all kinds finished the artistic decorations. Band concerts were taking place on all sides of the king's palace, each band trying to outdo the other, for the one which played the best was to be given a grand prize by the king. Throngs of people stood around the elaborately decorated band stands listening to the music.

The following day we went to see one of the most beautiful palaces in Naples. The inside was covered with mosaic work and filled with elaborately carved statues. As the floors were of marble I kept slipping continually for my new slippers had very high heels. In the rear of the palace was a water cascade which attracted my attention as we passed by one of the doors, so when mother was not looking at me I escaped through one of the back doors and went to watch the sparkling water as it dripped down the rocks. At the foot of the rocks a little pond was formed, and here large white swans could be seen splashing in the water.

After a long and exciting search mother found me, eagerly looking at the swans. A lecture was then given me for disobedience and we left the water cascade and went to see the famous fountain near the king's palace.

This fountain consisted of four parts or four small fountains, being together two hundred feet in height, representing the Italian flag. The first fountain was colored green by artificial light, while the one over that was of white, the next red and last of clear, sparkling, blue water. This scene was very beautiful as the rays of the sun shone upon it, and the water spouting from the last fountain glistened like diamonds as it dripped to the ground. Here

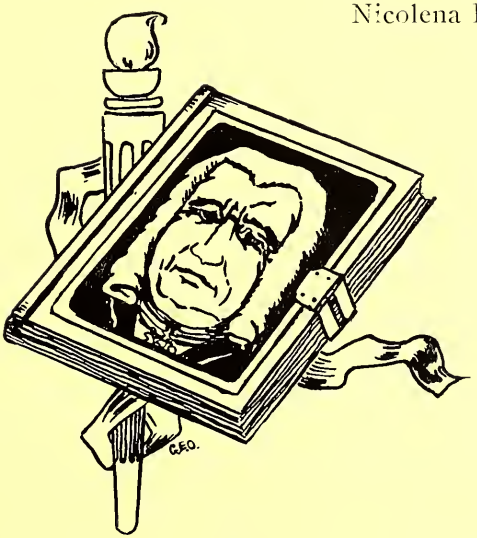
I made use of my little new shiny cup which was decorated with gay flowers and birds on the outside.

We then went to see Mount Vesuvius, on whose sides many gardens were being cultivated by men whose faces were tanned by the scorching sun. From a great distance Vesuvius could be seen puffing out smoke, which frightened me as we approached it. The stories that mother had told me about Vesuvius when she had been a child were then recalled to my mind; how the people flocked through the streets, some going to the hillsides, some to the seaports and others to railroad stations; the houses were shaking, the ground was opened and the men, women and children shrieked through the streets and called to those in the houses, saying that Vesuvius was pouring out lava and cinders. These stories had made a great impression on me so that I did not want to go very near it and had to be left on guard with some friends while mother went to see it.

A year after this trip we received news from father, who was in America, that we should join him there. For the first time I trotted into the Central Station very happy, not heeding the other people who were crying because their friends were departing.

We left our town by train and went aboard the steamer "North America" at the seaport of Naples. This was the last time I glanced at Mount Vesuvius which I dreaded so much. The rest of the voyage seemed to be a dream to me, and I didn't wake up until I arrived at a dingy station in Cleveland.

Nicolena Di Corpo.



An Event

Perhaps no event has caused such a "stir" in both faculty and student social life as the marriage of Miss Lysabeth Jackson to Mr. Judson Stewart, of Jersey City, New Jersey.

Up to April, 1912, Mr. Stewart was active in the shop department and to a large extent in the social affairs at Tech. When he left East Tech he went to Jersey City to fill a similar position under Mr. Mathewson and where he rapidly won friends.

All those who knew Miss Jackson realize that one of the "bright spots" in our school life is gone. No matter if she had taught Latin and Calculus instead of English and History, her classes would still have been as immensely popular as they were. Her lively interest in school affairs, her never-changing disposition, won for her innumerable friends and it was with deep regret that we saw her go. The students and teachers wish her well in her new home and hope that the friends she makes there will prove as loyal as those she left behind.

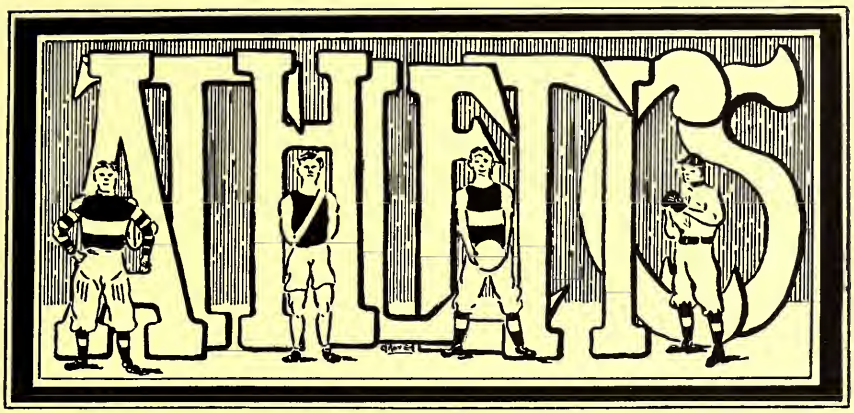
The marriage ceremony took place at Miss Jackson's home, 1970 East 116th St., on Tuesday evening, March 25th, at 8 o'clock. A color scheme of pink and white was carried out in all the appointments of the wedding. At the first strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March, Mr. Stewart and Mr. Hutchins, who acted as best man, entered and took their places before an embankment of palms. Miss Ola Jackson, as maid of honor, entered alone. She was gowned in white crepe de chine with touches of pink chiffon and carried pink roses. Miss Jackson, who was gowned in white crepe de chine trimmed with Chantilly lace, entered with her brother, Mr. B. E. Jackson.

After the wedding ceremony a light supper was served. The bride's table was beautifully decorated with pink carnations and white spirea and huge bows of pink satin ribbon.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart left later in the evening for Jersey City, where they will take up their residence.

Among the guests present were: Mr. and Mrs. James F. Barker, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mathewson, Miss Gwendolyn Thomas, Miss Ruth Collings, Miss Laura McGowan, Miss Mary Converse, Mr. H. A. Hutchins, Miss Ethelyn Wilder, Miss Marie Hines, Miss Florence Haserodt, Miss Joan Rock.

J. M. R. '13.



HE, as a school, are to be congratulated upon the interest of our student body in athletics. This is one of the reasons for our rapid progress in taking our stand with the older high schools of the city.

The school is now in its fifth year and we have already two senate championships to our credit, the basketball honors for 1912 and 1913. Besides this we have done credit to the Brown and Gold in several other branches of sport.

In Football, that form of our athletics which is, perhaps, the most prominent of all, we have advanced so materially that each season sees us nearer the goal of championship.

In Skating we have John Leonard, whose name will go down in our history as having won for us a silver loving cup and first honors in the city races.

Our track squads have been fast, and in several instances records have been broken by our fellows in the various meets.

Tennis is coming rapidly into more prominence as a school sport. We have had several successful school tournaments and during the season of 1912 A. Henderson and R. Snyder were "runners up" in the scholastic doubles, each receiving a silver cup.

Baseball, coming so near the end of our school year has very little opportunity to show itself but we have had some very creditable teams notwithstanding.

We have entered swimming contests twice previous to this year, and in Hollister Fergus we recognize a swimmer of exceeding ability.

For the records of the following events for 1912-13, found in the succeeding pages, we wish to thank Mr. Frost to whom we are indebted for their completeness and exactness.

Tech
12

SEPTEMBER twenty-sixth at 10 A. M. on Shaw field, with a snappy "Rizzer Racker" on the kick-off, we started our football season for 1912.

We went into our first game with six of our last year veterans in the lineup and overwhelmed South with a score of 67 to 6. In this game Brennan met with the accident which kept him out of the game for the rest of the year. And it was this game which later we forfeited on account of the ineligibility of two of our players, a fact we were ignorant of until after the game.

The following week was brim full of stirring school spirit and intense excitement for the big game on the coming Saturday with Central. The rooters' club met daily to practice the school songs and yells, Coach Bell urged our enthusiastic support, the band was drilled, and while all these activities were progressing we were startled with the news that two of our most capable players would be unable to go into the game. We had good reason to feel discouraged but instead, out at Woodland Hills, the team's lineup was undergoing considerable change in order to meet the difficulty. Captain Hense was shifted from end to fill Clogg's place at quarter, while Walter Miller was being introduced to the many varieties of plays and signals in order to fill Harmon's place at right half. We also had Brice Lafferty back with us and Saturday morning with

the sidelines packed with enthusiastic rooters the fellows went into the game and defeated our old time rivals to the tune of 16 to 0.

The 13th of October we defeated Lincoln High's fast team and one week later, in a hard fought contest with East High lost the senate championship by a score of 16 to 3.

On the next four succeeding Saturdays we respectively won from W. Tech, lost to Glenville, lost to Shaw and won from West.

The majority of the school has heard little concerning the game the fellows played Thanksgiving on the D. A. C. field with the Detroit Central High. In this game, though the score was rather one-sided against us, our fellows played a splendid game of straight football. They were unable, however, to cope with the magnificent, long forward passes, from thirty-five to forty-five yards, which the Detroit backs repeatedly ripped off for immense gains. It was Fred Glosh who brought the crowd to its feet by recovering a fumble and running eighty yards down the field for our only touchdown. These out-of-town games which generally wind up a team's season are always packed full of fun and excitement, both going and coming, and this one was no exception.

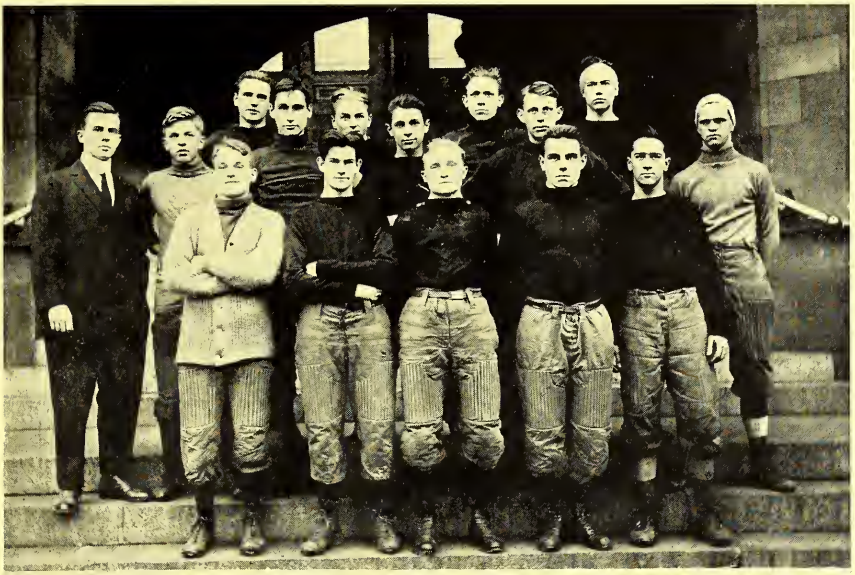
A few days after this trip the entire football squad met and elected George Kohl to captain Tech's 1913 team. We wish him the best of good luck throughout the entire season.

Schedule for 1912

September 26—South, 6; E. Tech, 67 (forfeited).
October 5—Central, 0; E. Tech, 16.
October 12—Lincoln, 0; E. Tech, 19.
October 19—East, 16; E. Tech, 3.
October 26—W. Tech, 0; E. Tech, 28.
November 2—Glenville, 21; E. Tech, 0.
November 9—Shaw, 13; E. Tech, 0.
November 16—West, 0; E. Tech, 6.
November 28—Detroit Central, 41; E. Tech, 7.

Schedule for 1913

September 27—South vs. E. Tech.
October 4—Central vs. E. Tech.
October 11—East vs. E. Tech.
October 18—Lincoln vs. E. Tech.
October 25—Glenville vs. E. Tech.
November 1—Shaw vs. E. Tech.
November 8—West vs. E. Tech.
November 15—W. Tech vs. E. Tech.
November 22—Detroit Central vs. E. Tech.



The Second Team

THE second football team of 1911 made a record not only of being champions but also of not being scored upon. The second team of 1912 were anxious to keep up this standard. But the opposing teams were heavier this year and as a result one team scored, Loyola High making 7 points. The close of the season, however, found them champions of the second teams of the city and they had been so feared by the other teams, that only four schools were willing to play against them. The results of these four games were as follows: Tech 2nds 7, St. Ignatius 0; Tech 2nds 12, Central 0; Tech 2nds 6, Shaw 0; Tech 2nds 13, Loyola 7.

The hardest work of the team of course was in the grinding scrimmages with the first team, for here the work was severe and no glory rewarded the faithful efforts, only the satisfaction of having helped. But the work under Henderson as coach was worth while and every fellow on the second team is pleased to have been a member of that team. The fellows are: R. Canfield, J. Jares, H. Baker, H. Handler, Henderson, H. Hamilton, McMullin, H. Henry, H. Miller, Bates, Tenbusch, H. Bonfield, Rogers and Fergus.

Above is the first squad that ever tried out for the varsity team at Tech. This picture was discovered among the antiquities in Mr. Barker's desk during the annual housecleaning session. We thought it might interest the newer pupils.

Basket Ball, 1913

SENATE champions again! Oh we're right there when it comes to basket-ball. Yes, right there with over half the student body and a big brass band.

The series of games witnessed during the season of 1913 will long be remembered by the large number of students who attended. Every game was exciting, with many spectacular plays. The opposing teams were fast and our fellows had to play hard for every game won.

Not only did we capture first place in the number of games won, but we also established a new record for the total number of points scored. We scored 246 points on our opponents while their total against us was 147.

First of the members of the team comes Harry Steffen, whom we honor as a player, a leader and as a good all-round fellow. For two successive years he has led our team to championship and the school will long remember him.

Burt Conaghan has for two years won the centre position on the all scholastic five and he was always on the job when our opponents threatened to hold down our score.

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12-13

Joe Kaplafka was as fast a forward as one could wish for and completely baffled his man. No better man could have been chosen to captain Tech's 1914 team and in behalf of the school we wish him a success worthy to be placed beside our 1912 and 1913 records.

Last, but by no means least, come John Younger and George Kohl, the men who so ably defended our goal and made possible the repeated victories.

The second team, in basket-ball as well as the other sports, played an important part in making the first team what it was and to them should be given a large part of the credit.

The last game of the season played at Oberlin was a success in every way. The team was accompanied by our splendid band and over one hundred rooters. Without a doubt this enthusiastic backing helped the fellows to play the game they did.

The power behind the throne in these athletic achievements has been Coach Bell, and we dread to think of the result were we to lose him.

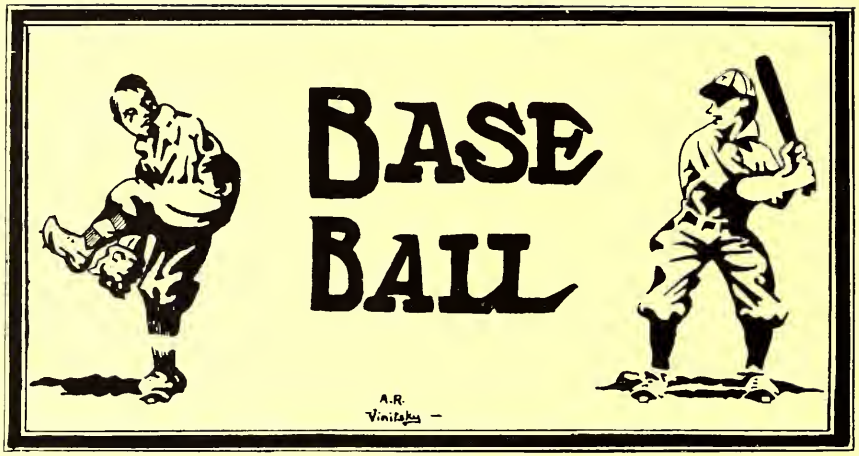
W. H. Lanphear.

Schedule for 1913

January 5—Glenville, 14; East Tech, 26.
January 13—Commerce, 13; East Tech, 21.
January 20—Lincoln, 14; East Tech, 19.
January 28—Oberlin Academy, 17; East Tech, 36.
February 5—West, 11; East Tech, 16.
February 13—East, 13; East Tech, 33.
Februry 20—West Tech, 6; East Tech, 22.
February 28—Central, 17; East Tech, 21.
March 7—South, 21; East Tech, 26.
March 14—Oberlin Academy, 21; East Tech, 26.

Schedule for 1914

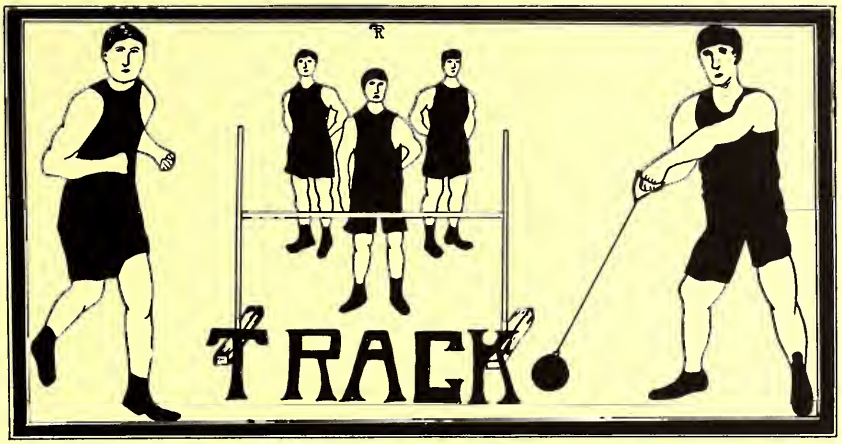
South vs. East Tech.
Glenville vs. East Tech.
Commerce vs. East Tech.
Lincoln vs. East Tech.
West Tech vs. East Tech.
West vs. East Tech.
East vs. East Tech.
Central vs. East Tech.



AT a meeting of the baseball fellows in the spring of 1912 it was decided by vote to have an independent team as there was no senate baseball. This independent team, organized and coached by the fellows themselves, played a series of five games and won every game. We hope that the 1913 Senate team may meet with the same success.

Earl Weaver, c., Captain; Albert Conaghan, Manager, 3 b.; Raymond Lowe, p.; Grover, s.; Harry Steffan, 1 b.; George Madden, 2 b.; Cleo Clogg, r. f.; Stanley Krall, c. f.; Harold Baker, c. f.; Kaplafka, l. f.; Kline, s.

Lakewood High at Edgewater Park—Tech, 19; Lakewood, 4.
All Coaches at Edgewater Park—Tech, 9; All Coaches, 4.
Loyola High at Woodland Hills Park—Tech, 15; Loyola, 7.
Painesville High at Painesville—Tech, 8; Painesville, 2.
Central High at Woodland Hills—Tech, 6; Central, 3.



Track Record of 1912

Track work brings out more fellows to represent the school than any other one form of athletics. The number of track enthusiasts in 1912 was no exception. With a large number of eager youths, some more skilled than others but all willing, Coach Bell worked and under his careful supervision the boys did very well, winning two meets; tieing one and losing only one out of the four.

The team who made this record was:

Geo. Kohl, Captain; Frank Harmon, Manager; Conaghan; Reilly; Ed Lafferty, and Backus.

The following are the records made:

Dual Track Meet, May 8, 1912.

Glenville vs. East Tech at Gordon Park.

120 hurdles—Reilly, 1st; Harmon, 2nd.

Mile—Jernberg, 2nd; Backus, 3rd; McCaslin, 4th.

100 yds.—Kohl, 2nd; Leonard, 3rd.

440 yds.—McCarty, 2nd; Fankboner, 4th.

880 yds.—Backus, 2nd; Jernberg, 3rd.

220 yds.—Glosh, 3rd; Leonard, 4th.

Pole—Kohl, 1st; Reilly, 2nd.

Shot—Miller, 1st; Simmermacher, 4th.

High jump—Kerslake, 2nd; tied with Benedict of Glenville; Simmermacher, 3rd.

Broad jump—Kohl, 1st; Krause, 3rd.

220 hurdles—Harmon, 2nd; Reilly, 3rd.

120 lb. relay—Tech won (Klee, Kiefer, McCarty, Glosh).

Points—Tech, 68½; Glenville 68½.

Tech individual point winners—Kohl, 13; Reilly, 10; Harmon, 6; Jernberg, 5; Backus, 5; H. Miller, 5; McCarty, 4¼; Leonard, 3; Glosh, 3¼; Krause, 2; Simmermacher, 2; Kerslake, 2½; McCaslin, 1, and Fankboner, 1.

Our second meet was an interclass meet held May 15, 1912, in the East Tech gymnasium.

Seniors and Juniors tied with 32½ points; Sophomores received 21 points; and Freshmen received 9 points. The individual point winners were: Kohl, 28½; Harmon, 8; Reilly, 5½; Conaghan, 5; Lafferty, Ed, 5; and Jernberg, 5.

In our second interscholastic meet we had to be content with fourth place among the six competing schools. This meet was held out doors on the University Field, May 18, 1912:

Events and places won by Tech are:

120 hurdles—Reilly, 3rd.

880 yds.—Backus, 2nd.

880 yd. relay—Won by East Tech; Glosh, Kiefer, Klee, Clogg.

Mile relay—East Tech, 2nd.

Pole—Kohl, 2nd.

Shot—Lafferty, 1st.

High—Conaghan, 1st; Kerslake, 4th.

Broad jump—Kohl, 2nd.

Points—Central, 33; East, 31; Glenville, 32; East Tech, 30 West, 8; and West Tech, 4.

Individual point winners for Tech—Kohl, 16; Lafferty, Ed, 5, Conaghan, 5; Backus, 3; Reilly, 2; Kerslake, 1; Glosh, Kiefer, Klee; Clogg, 1st in 120 lb. relay.

The third interscholastic meet was held May 28, 1912, in the Tech Gymnasium. This meet was won by East Tech from Glenville and West.

The places and events won by the Tech boys were:

25 yds—Glosh, 1st; Kohl, 3rd.

Mile—McCaslin, 2nd; Jernberg, 3rd.

100 yds—Leonard tied with Myers of West; Simmermacher, 3rd.

440 yds.—Harmon, 3rd.

880 yds.—Jernberg, 3rd; Harmon, 4th.

220 yds.—Henderson tied with Benedict of Glenville.

880 yd. relay—Tech won; Kohl, Harmon, Fankboner, Henderson.

Pole—Kohl, 1st: Reilly, 2nd, tied with Ranney of West.

Shot—Lafferty, 1st; Miller, 2nd.

Broad—Kohl, 1st; Krause, 3rd.
High—Conaghan, 1st; Kerslake, 2nd.
Total points—Tech, 61½; Glenville, 36; West, 17½.
Tech individual point winners—Kohl, 12; Conaghan, 5; Lafferty, 5; Glosh, 5; H. Leonard, 4; Jernberg, 4; A. Henderson, 4; Harmon, 3; McCaslin, 3; H. Miller, 3; Kerslake, 3; Reilly, 2½; Krause, 2; and Simmermacher, 1.

The Buchtel meet was won by Tech. In this meet Tech piled up a high score against the four opposing teams. The teams were Tech, Canton, Palastine, Akron and Buchtel.
The events and places won were:
120 yd. hurdles—Reilly, 2nd; Harmon, 3rd.
Shot—Lafferty, 1st.
100 yds.—Percio, independent, 1st.
Pole—Kohl, 1st; Harmon, 2nd; Reilly, 3rd.
Broad—Kohl, 1st.
440 yds.—Backus, 2nd; Kohl, 3rd.
High—Kohl, 1st; Reilly, 3rd.
220 yd. hurdles.—Harmon, 1st.
Mile—Backus, 2nd; McCaslin, 3rd.
220 yd.—Percio, 1st.
880 yds—Harmon, 1st; Backus, 2nd; McCaslin, 3rd.
5 miles—McCaslin, 2nd.
Points—Tech, 63; Canton, 27; Palastine, 16; Akron, 24; Buchtel, 7.
Individual point winners—Kohl, 16; Harmon, 14; Backus, 9; Reilly, 5; Lafferty, 5; and McCaslin, 5.

Track Record, 1913

The Interclass Meet was held in East Tech Gym March 21, 1913, with the following results:
Mile—Falls '13; Ekers '14; Ehrbar '13; 5′ 7″
25 yd.—Kohl '13; Harmacek '13; Malo '16; 3 2-5″.
25 yd. Small Boys—Herbst '15; Hathaway '15; Leonard '15; 3 4-5″.
Shot—Kohl '13; Scheel '13; Henderson '14; 36′ 3″.
440—Tie: Kohl '13 and McCarty '15; Lyons '14; 60 4-5″.
High—Bennett '16; Boggs '14; and Simmermacher '14; 5′.
Broad—Kohl '13; Kerslake '14; Henderson '14; 18′ ¼″.
220—Lyons '14; Simmermacher '14; and Glosh '13; 27 1-5″.
Pole—Kohl '13; Bennett '16; and Grove '14; 10′ 6″.
880—Falls '13; McCarty '15; Herbst '15; 2′ 25″.
Relay, ½ Mile—(Kohl '13; Klee '13; Glosh '13; Price '13);

(Chapman '15; McCarty '15; Herbst '15; Bussell '15).

Points—Seniors, 48; Juniors, 25; Sophomores, 18; Freshmen, 8.

Individual—Kohl, 23¼; Falls, 10; Lyons, 7½; McCarty, 7¼; Bennett, 7; Herbst, 6¼; S. Simmermacher, 4¾; Glosh, 3¼; Kerslake, 3; Ekers, 3; Hathaway, 3; Harmacek, 3; Scheel, 3; Henderson, 2¾; Boggs, 2; Grove, 2; Klee, 1¼; Price, 1¼; Ehrbar, 1; Leonard, 1; Chapman, ¼; Bussell, ¼; Malo, 1.

Eligible for Numerals—Kohl '13; Falls '13; Lyons '14; McCarty '15; Bennett '16; Herbst '15; Simmermacher '14; Glosh '13; Kerslake '14; Ekers '14; Hathaway '15; Harmacek '13; Scheel '13.

The Triangular meet was held April 11, in the East Tech Gym, in which Central, Glenville and East Tech participated.

The following are points won by East Tech:

Mile—Falls, 2nd; Ehrbar, 4th; 4′ 51″.

Pole—Kohl, 1st; Kerslake, 2nd.

25 yd.—Kohl, 1st; 3 2-5″.

Shot Put—Miller, 1st; Erban, 3rd; 41′ 8¾″.

25 yd. Hurdle—Henderson, 1st; 4 3-5″.

440 yd.—McCarty, 2nd; Henderson, 3rd; 60 2-5″.

High—Simmermacher, 3rd; Boggs, 4th; 5′ 4″.

220 yd.—Lyons (T.), Drake (G.), tied for 2nd; Simmermacher (T.) and Glosh (T.), Bannerman (G.) tied for 4th.

Broad—Kohl, 1st; 18′ 7″.

880 yd.—Falls, 4th; 2′ 30″.

Relay—Tech won (Lyons, Henderson, Glosh, Kohl).

Freshmen Events:

25 yd.—Malo, 1st; Bennett, 2nd.

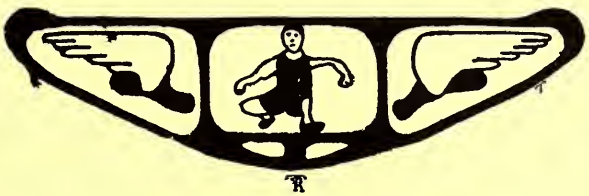
Pole—Bennett, 1st.

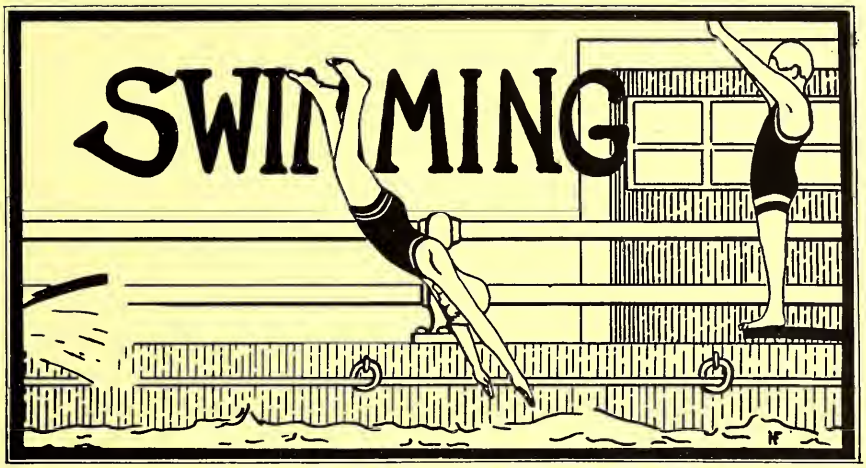
Shot—Malo, 3rd.

Points—Tech, 51 1-6; Central, 13; Glenville, 50 5-6.

Individual Point Winners—Kohl, 16¼; Henderson, 8¼; Miller, 5; Falls, 4; Kerslake, 3; McCarty, 3; Lyons, 3¾; Simmermacher, 2 1-3; Erben, 2; Glosh, 1 7-12; Boggs, 1; Ehrbar, 1.

Harold C. Baker.





Championship

The East Tech Swimming Team of 1913 certainly cleaned things up in the interscholastic swimming circles. Easily defeating all other Cleveland High School teams, they carried off the interscholastic championship.

East End Y. M. C. A. Meet

The first meet of February 22 included the schools, East Tech, East, Shaw, Central, Glenville and Euclid Heights High Schools. East Tech swam away with a score of forty-one points, leaving only eight points to the nearest competitor.

20-yd. Dash—Fergus, East Tech, 1st; Hamilton, East High, 2nd; Schimcola, East Tech, 3rd. Time, 10 seconds.

60-yd. Dash—Fergus, East Tech, 1st; Schimcola, East Tech, 2nd; Smith, Shaw, 3rd. Time, 45 seconds.

100-yd. Dash—Fergus, East Tech, 1st; Bates, East Tech, 2nd; Hamilton, East High, 3rd. Time, 1 min. 15 sec.

Fancy Diving—E. Pike, East Tech, 1st; W. Pike, East Tech, 2nd; Lewis, East High, 3rd.

Plunge for Distance—Fergus, East Tech, 1st; Behlam, Cleve. Heights, 2nd; E. Pike, East Tech, 3rd. Distance, 43 feet.

Relay, 160 yds.—East Tech, 1st; East High, 2nd; Central, 3rd.

Interscholastic Swim Meet

The interscholastic contest which occurred later in the Central Y. M. C. A. swimming pool on March 13, though not won by quite such an exaggerated score, was easily taken by the victorious East Tech team.

25 yds.—Fergus, East Tech, 1st; Badke, East Tech, 2nd; George, University, 3rd. Time, 14 seconds.

50 yds.—Fergus, East Tech, 1st; George, University, 2nd; Schimcola, East Tech, 3rd. Time, 34 seconds.

50 yds. on Back—Hamilton, East High, 1st; Holloway, Lakewood, 2nd; Currier, University, 3rd; W. Pike, East Tech, 4th. Time, 42 seconds.

100 yds.—Fergus, East Tech, 1st; Stowe, University, 2nd; Wood, Lakewood, 3rd. Time, 1 min. 15 sec.

Plunge for Distance—Fergus, East Tech, 1st, 47.3 feet; Wood, Lakewood, 2nd, 40.4 feet; Sandrowitz, East High, 3rd, 39.4 feet.

200-yd. Relay—East Tech (Badke, Bates, Starr, Schimcola), 1st; Lakewood, 2nd; Central, 3rd.

A word of thanks is due the Y. M. C. A. for their interest in the team and also for permitting practice in their swimming pool. The boys who had the advantage of this practice were: Badke, Mog, Childs, Yearly, Lucas, Jones, E. Pike, W. Pike, Prior, Starr, Bates, Schimcola (mngr.), and Fergus (captain).

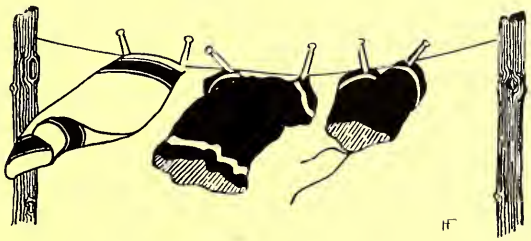
Don't Overlook

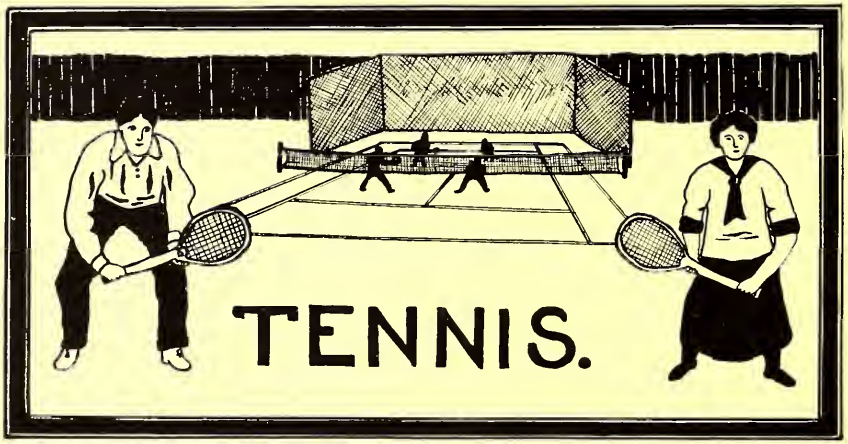
Editor's Note—Hollie wrote the swimming article and did not do himself justice, therefore this.

Due to Hollister Fergus, otherwise known in sporting pages of the papers as the "Human Fish," Tech has made a name for itself in the aquatic world. He not only was a big point winner, but he also captained and coached the team, making it possible to land seconds and thirds, the points which often decide a meet.

As a general rule records were smashed in all the meets. This "shark" is now being trained for the Olympic try-outs.

Incidentally Hollie has become the idol of Tech.



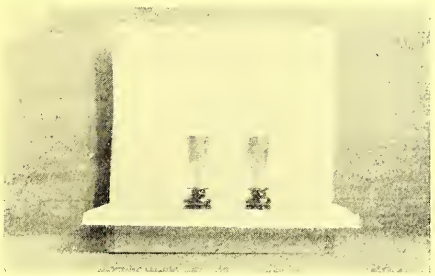


EARLY last spring (1912) Tennis Coach, Mr. M. A. Berns, called the first tennis meeting in the history of East Technical High School. About thirty-six fellows responded and the dates for the tournament were arranged. Discouraging weather, however, made the result of the tournament look uncertain. But whenever the sun shone and the wind quieted, the wielders of the racket could be seen fighting for a position on our first tennis team. Robert Snyder won the tournament and the title of school champion, when he defeated George Baldwin in the final round. Alfred Henderson, Virgil Gaines, and Erlo Prosser finished third, fourth, and fifth respectively, thus winning places on the team. Robert Snyder was elected captain and Alfred Henderson, manager.

The team took part in only one tournament, the Interscholastic, held at the East End Tennis Courts under the direction of the Harvard Club of Cleveland, during the week of May 20, 1912. In the singles Snyder, Prosser and Henderson were our entries. Both Snyder and Prosser were eliminated in the first round. Alfred Henderson was not quite so easy. He eliminated one representative of Central and one of East. Corday of East, the winner of the tournament, took Henderson's scalp and put an end to East Tech's struggle for a place in the singles.

In the doubles Gaines and Baldwin, Snyder and Henderson were our entries. This event made clear the fact that the determination and fighting spirit of the Brown and Gold will gain recognition in tennis as it has in all other sports in which it has partici-

pated. After a hard fought match Gaines and Baldwin were defeated. Snyder and Henderson eliminated representatives from Lincoln, Central, University School and East. They met their Waterloo in Clark and Minor of Glenville in the final round. The Harvard Club presented both Snyder and Henderson with the sil-

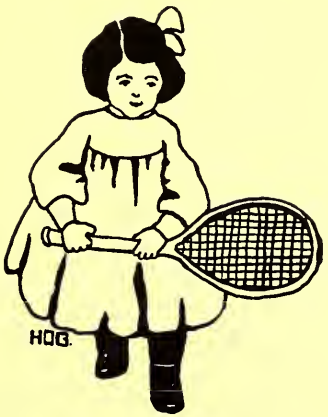


ver loving cups shown in the picture. In addition the school presented Snyder and Henderson with a T for their worthy efforts. Like the track team the members of the tennis team are required to make second place in one event of the Interscholastic Meet before receiving a letter.

At present Erlo Prosser is the school champion. He gained this distinction in the fall tournament held in September and October, 1912.

The team made a good showing in spite of the fact that it was our first one. Mr. Berns and the fellows deserve much credit. We hope next year they will carry away the leading honors in both the singles and the doubles in the Interscholastic Tournament.

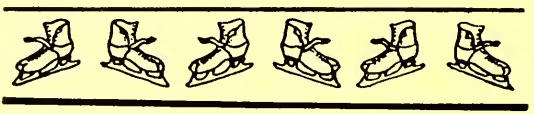
J. Jares.



H! what a jostling, howling mob packed the Elysium to witness the high school skating races on March 1. The races were to be held outdoors, but had been postponed on account of continued warm weather and at last were held in the Elysium. East Tech was well represented in all boys' races, but so very poorly represented in the girls' races that in spite of the fact that Tech won every boys' race except one, they finished only second. Credit must be given to the following for the way in which they held up the standards of the brown and gold:

R. Carran, 1st freshman race (¼ mile); W. Connors, 3rd freshman race; E. Prosser, 1st sophomore race (½ mile); C. Taylor, 1st junior race (¾ mile).

Ruth Lewis, the only girl contestant from East Tech, deserves credit for entering. An unfortunate fall, however, prevented her finishing the race.



Honor Roll of "T" Men

FIVE years ago when our Technical High School began making history not only in the industrial world but also in the athletic world, the custom was established of rewarding every man who had made a team, with a yellow "T" inscribed upon a background of brown. The "T" is the much coveted prize of the competitor as it is the first reward he receives from the school in recognition of one kind of ability.

The following have received "T":

Backus—Track '12.
Baldwin, G—Football '11-'12.
Bonfield, R.—Basket-ball '09, Mgr. '09.

Cameron, H.—Basket-ball '09.
Christiansen, E.—Football '10.
Church, B.—Soccer; Football '09-'10-'11; Baseball '10.
Clark, Wm.—Soccer '11.
Clogg, C.—Football '09,-'10,-'11; Baseball '10-'11; Basket-ball '12.
Clucas—Baseball '09.
Cofall, S.—Football '10.
Conaghan, B.—Track '10-'11-'12; Baseball '10-'11; Basket-ball '12-'13.
Crangle, Wm.—Baseball '09.

Doering, L.—Basket-ball '09; Mgr. '09.
Downer, G.—Football '09.
Duncan, R.—Baseball '10.

Erben, F.—Football '12.

Farmer, B.—Football '12.
Feather, N.—Track '09-'10-'11; Football '09; Baseball '09-'10; Basket-ball '09-'10.
Flesher—Soccer '11.
Flood, E.—Track '10; Football '09; Basket-ball Mgr. '11.
Forcier, G.—Football '09.
Ford—Football '09.
Forquer, P.—Football '10.
Fritzsche—Football '12.

Garvey, M.—Soccer; Football '11-'12.
Gillespie—Track '10; Football '10.
Glosh, F.—Football '12.
Grant, R.—Football '12.
Greer, R.—Football '09-'10; Baseball '10-'11.
Grove, R.—Track '11.

Harmon, F.—Track '11; Football '10-11; Mgr. '12.
Hasse, H.—Football '10 '11.
Heintz—Baseball '09. Mgr.
Henderson, A.—Football '10; Tennis.
Hense, O.—Football '11-'12.
Hitz, A.—Football '09; Baseball '09; Basket-ball '09-'10.
Horn, H.—Football '09.
Horner, J.—Basket-ball '09.
Hunkin, E.—Football Mgr. '10-'11.

Kaplafka, J.—Basket-ball '13.
Kaufman, H.—Soccer '11.
Knapp, H.—Basket-ball '12.
Kohl, G.—Track '11-'12; Football, '11-'12; Basket-ball '12-'13.
Krall, S.—Baseball '11.
Krause, M.—Football '10.

Lafferty, B.—Soccer; Football '09-'10-'11; Baseball Mgr. '11.
Lafferty, D.—Football '12.
Lafferty, E.—Track '12; Football '12.
Lafferty, P.—Football '09.
Leonard, J.—Soccer; Mgr.
Lowe, R.—Baseball '11.
Ludick, R.—Baseball '09; Basket-ball '10-'11.

Miller, W.—Football '12.
Monroe—Track Mgr. '09.
Morrow, C.—Soccer.
Nicholson—Baseball '09.

Pearn, N.—Baseball '11.
Petty—Basket-ball Mgr. '10.
Pietrowsky—Football '10.

Reilly—Track '12.
Romilly, H.—Football '12.
Rosenberg, J.—Soccer.
Ryan, C.—Football '09.

Schilling, H.—Soccer.
Schlenker, F.—Football '11-'12.

Siebling—Baseball '09.
Simmermacher, H.—Track '10-'11; Football '10; Basket-ball '09-'10-'11.
Simmermacher, S.—Football Mgr. '12.
Snyder, B.—Tennis.
Steffan, H.—Basket-ball '11-'12.

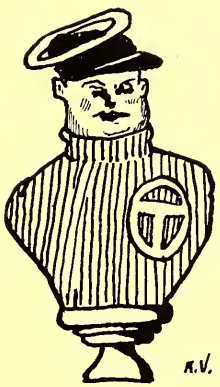
Treter, H.—Track '11; Baseball '10-'11.

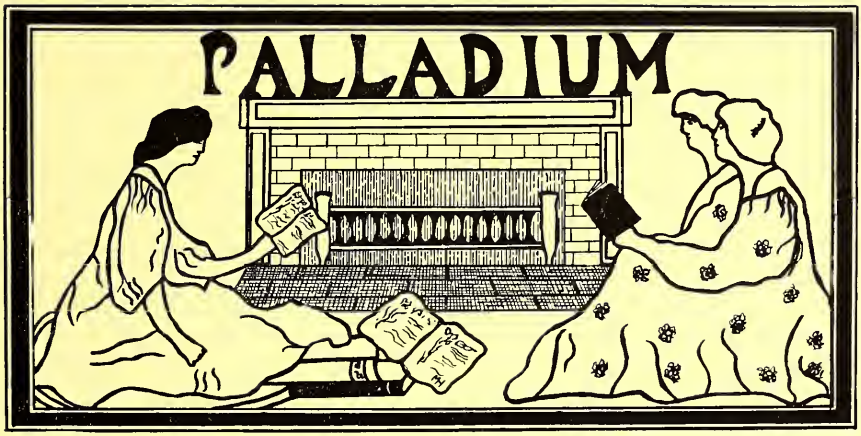
Vaughn, L.—Baseball '09-'10.
Vlach, C.—Football '10; Baseball '09-'10-'11; Basket-ball '09-'10-'11.

Ward, Wm.—Basket-ball '11.
Warren—Soccer.
Weaver, E.—Baseball '10-'11; Basket-ball Mgr. '12.
Wills, E.—Football '10, '11 Baseball '10-'11; Basket-ball '12.

Yard, J.—Basket-ball '11.
Younger, J.—Football '11-'12; Basket-ball '13.

Zehner, F.—Football '09-'10-'11.
Zelesnik, E.—Baseball '09-'10; Basket-ball '09-'10.





Motto: "Do Ye Nexte Thynge"

Our Palladium Society started out with a rush last fall. After initiating the new members they dropped the barely recovered victims into a whirl of literary programs, "Roberts' Rules of Order," and plans for social events.

The literary work consisted of Greek Mythology and the study of short stories of today. Members of the club presented essays on these subjects as well as giving extemporaneous speeches on various up-to-date topics.

In a social way the Palladium has taken the lead in trying to create an active school spirit, and a unity in the Senior Class, which, until this year, has been sadly lacking.

Early in the fall the Palladium girls gave an open social meeting to which about thirty of the Senior boys were invited. An introduction committee, each of whom were exceedingly busy introducing everyone to everyone else at least once, was found to be a great help.

Some very original games of common interest were played and "stunty" stunts were "pulled off" by the more bashful guests. Then followed the dancing, and last but not least the fruit punch.

The lights faded all too soon and with a lusty cheer for the Palladium from the boys, the merry party adjourned.

Because of this success Mr. Barker asked the Palladium to continue the good work by giving an alumni dance.

After some serious, and otherwise, contemplation the girls decided that it could be done. Once this decision was reached all pulled together with a will and the result was success far beyond their hopes.

The Palladium plans to make this Alumni Party an annual affair to take place between Christmas and New Years. Next year the club hopes to present a program in the auditorium as well as a dance in the gymnasium. All graduates of East Tech are invited to come back to enjoy this reunion.

So the good work goes on with ever increasing success.

Ruth McWatters.

Officers (First Semester)

President ..... Florence Haserodt
Vice President ..... Ruth Bloss
Secretary ..... Charlotte Soule
Treasurer ..... Ruth Moyer

Officers (Second Semester)

President ..... Joan Rock
Vice President ..... Arline Dahler
Secretary ..... Charlotte Soule
Treasurer ..... Helen Kintzler

Faculty Member ..... Miss Ethel M. Parmenter

Members

Mildred Brumbaugh
Philleta Gill
Marietta Gavin
Dora Gizewska
Bertine Squire
Ouida Simmons
Carolyn Wilder
Ruby Allis
Ruth McWaters
Flora Ehlert
Marie Bienerth
Ruth Sihler
Florence Lindsley
Florence Haefeli
Margaret Moulton
Mildred Kulhanek
Ethel Green
Lucille King
Euphemia Boynton
Alberta Schaefer
Ruth Moyer
Ruth Bloss

The Alumni Dance

They say that "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." The alumni dance, Jan. 30th, proved it. The familiar faces of our many dear old "grads" fairly glowed with happy memories as they tripped "the light fantastic" in the gym, to the strains from a perfectly jolly orchestra.

In the same old gym, with its visions of dumb-bells, warning whistles, Mr. Lawson, ripping basketball games, and all the rest. But somehow the Palladium had dressed it all up till it wasn't just the gym, but a festive ballroom for the present. Palms, gold and brown bunting, intermingled with the yellow and green club colors of the hostesses. Over all a great banner, aided by Mr. Barker's well known smile, welcomed every one of the alumni back.

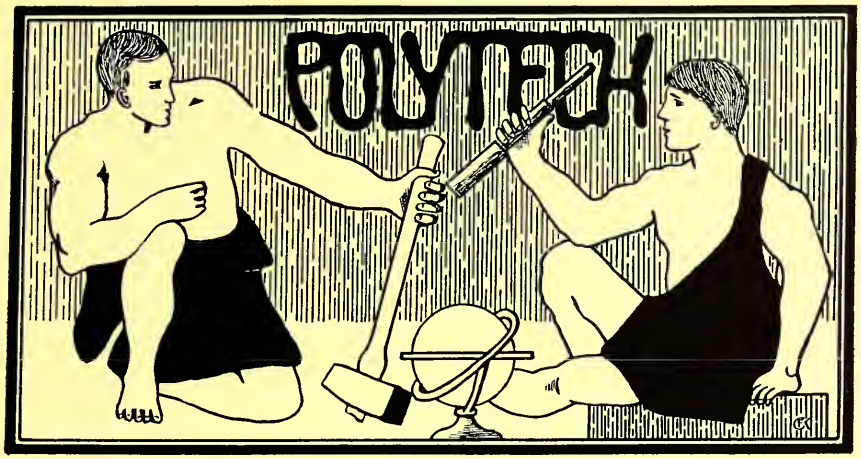
Everybody was there. Jolly classmates of '12, '11 and '10, and even our revered and patronizing seniors of '09. (Shades of snubs.) Also even some of the class of '08, familiar only by their names and celebrated pictures near the office.

Classes were forgotten, and, darting towards familiar faces of old classmates, they filled the air with exclamations of, "Why, there's old Ned!" "What are you doing with yourself?" "Gertie, dear, you aren't changed a bit." Then when the music began to tune, all dignity was forgotten and everyone danced. Rather they talked and danced. The air was filled with, "Say, do you remember—?" "Gee! Mr. Griffin was—" "Why! Those doughnuts were—" "And Mr. Barker is—" "This dear old gym, just—," and so on, ad infinitum.

How the time and ices vanished. How suddenly, too, the last note of "Home, Sweet Home," rang out and our dear old grads passed clowly and regretfully from the gym, not to return for another long year.

On January 31st, in a gaily trimmed gym, the "senior formal" danced itself into history. The school colors of brown and gold were artistically draped around the posts and over the arches, and twined themselves among the palms. A jolly orchestra, hidden among the palms, furnished deliciously lively music, while the class of '13, in festive and formal array, filled the hall with whirling dancers.

Among them the faculty danced their hardest, thoughts of "exams" and classes far away. Ices and fun took the place of these and all other troubles. Time sped so quickly that midnight arrived before it was wanted, and very reluctantly the dancers finished the "Home, Sweet Home" and bade farewell to their delightful first "formal."



During the year 1912-13 the Polytech Society has lived up to its reputation of being the oldest and strongest boys' society in the school. But few members remained in the society last fall, and the surplus capital was about out of sight, being about enough for carfare. This was handed over to last year's treasurer for his faithful work. It took quite a bit of work to replete the ranks.

The society is not only pertinent to its name, it also has its real social side. The big social event of the year was the third annual Polytech Dance, given at the Olive Academy on the evening of February 6, 1913. The headliner of the night was the "Grand March" led by the president. It was some dance, take it from us!

Officers

President ..... Harold McMullen
Vice President ..... Frank Harmon
Treasurer ..... Wilhelm Moeller
Secretary ..... George Kohl

Members

Alfred Henderson
Fred Glosh
George Baldwin
Herbert Case
Verne Mathews
Robert Lockhart
Carl David
Everett Jones
Douglass Campbell
Walter Miller
Raymond Pritchard
Harold Baker
Ralph Canfield
Bert Conaghan
Arno Fritzsche
Paul Jones
Henry Boggis
Mr. Durstine, Faculty Member
Sam Ruddock

Socration Society

Socration—Socration—where have I heard that word before? Oh, yes, that's right, come to think about it. That's one of those clubs up at the school. Just seniors and swell head juniors in it though, aren't there? They think they are renowned because they had a fellow in there once that dared get into a debate. They claim to be of the tribe of Socrates and all that sort of stuff. Everybody will tell you that they do Socrates the greatest injustice anyone could do by calling themselves Socrations. They say they can debate, too, but why try to discourage them! They do not even know their own minds as yet. I would not take space in this precious book to tell you of them, but some follies need publicity to avoid repetitions. We all must admit though that they have a fairly good English teacher with them to help them and take care of them after 3:15 o'clock, and see that no harm comes to the little ones so late in the evening. You know they stay here Thursdays until almost five o'clock. They voted in some new members and thought, as usual, they would have a great time initiating them. They asked Mr. Barker's permission and then proceeded in high spirits to make plans for the torture. After devising several means of torture something softened their hearts and they changed their tactics and served up a feed a la Delmonico; thus making use of the Golden Rule.

One precocious little chap thought the club could come into possession of a lot of cash if they fined the members for continued absence. A bill to this effect was "voted and decided" upon. This act proved a great source of revenue.

Their colors are purple and gold. No, now don't laugh, for here we do see a faint trace of the high ideal which was looked forward to by the charter members, as they chose those royal colors.

They have the cutest little president now that you ever saw and he gets along fairly well, too, mainly because the rest of them do not know what's what and who's who.

They have debates every now and then. Oh, pardon me, did I say debates? Er—em—I am flattering them; for they are merely squabbles and breakdowns among the newer members.

I will say for the benefit of the society that they have a rare opportunity to cultivate self control and fluency in speech that will help them all through life. The Socration Society is one that the school wants to be proud of. Let the members therefore make it a success, going in for real work, winning their debates. Then we may boast of a champion debating club as well as a champion basketball team.

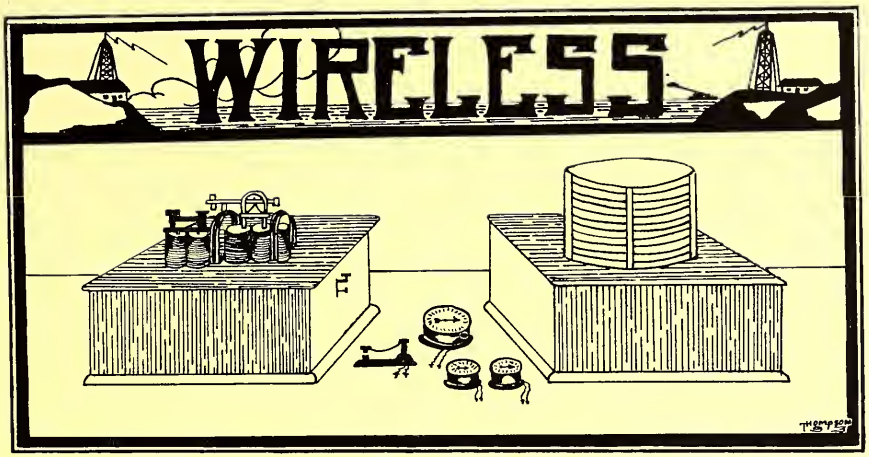
Officers

President.....H. P. Boggis
Vice President.....Douglas Campbell
Secretary.....Paul V. Jones
Treasurer .....Walter Miller
Sergeant-at-Arms.....Carl E. David

Members

Douglas Campbell
John Bloss
Carl David
H. Falls
L. Feder
E. Graver
P. V. Jones
E. Klee
H. Mog
Wm. Todl
L. Loheiser
B. Foster
W. Moeller
L. Lehman
Dougherty
S. Zimmermacher
Shettler
H. Fergus
H. Reehorst
W. Miller
H. P. Boggis
G. Roach
R. Freeman
C. Ganzenmueller
H. Lanphear
E. Donahue
Clegg
H. H. Stair
Esterline
Blesch

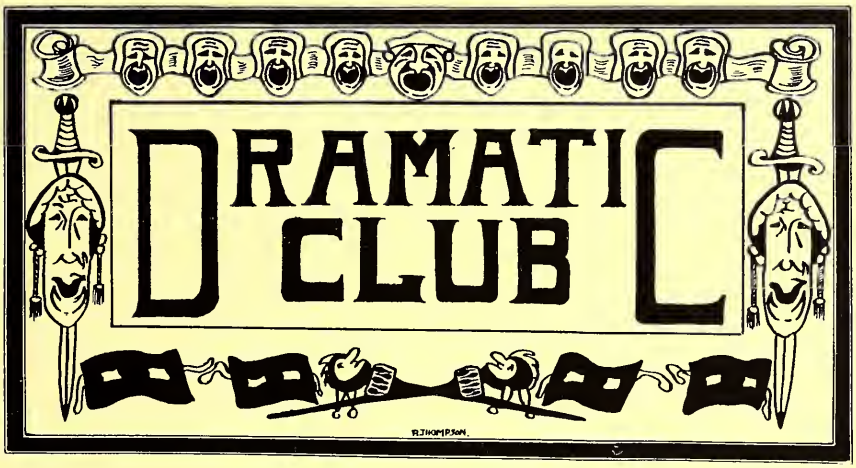
G. Lucky



President .....Carl David
Secretary .....Richard Tappenden
Faculty Members.....Mr. Freeman, Mr. Hawkins

Richard Tappenden
Carl Ganzenmueller
Oscar McKerey
Harold Sheaffer
Ralph Hiteshew
Farrand Miller
Yerian Mexxel
Edward Leonard
N. J. Kampfe
Carl David
Raymond Rees
Paul V. Jones
Gordon Patterson
Floyd Meck
Robt. Heintz

Fred Walker
Clarency Erney
Oscar Rosenblatt
John Shepherd
Herman Stegkamper
Alfred Cowis
Ben Licht
Ernest Nygren
Abe Himmelstein
Harry Reynold
Howard Kirby
Sam Hershberg
Oscar Johnson
Nathaniel Matson
Harry Grundstein



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Secretary ..... Flora Ehlert
Treasurer ..... Charles Sommers
Faculty Member ..... Mr. Hoornstra

Almgren, Dorothy
Anderson, Louise
Baker, Edna
Bienerth, Marie
Bloss, Ruth
Edwards, Margaret
Ehlert, Flora
Ellis, Harriet
Falls, Henry
Fitch, Christina
Feder, Lloyd
Frater, Gertrude
Greene, Dorothy
Griswold, Walter
Hampel, Valeria
Jacobson, Claudine
Lewis, Grace
Lewis, Ruth
Moulton, Marguerite
Moyer, Ruth
Miller, Bert
Paddock, Alice
Rogers, Irma
Sargent, James
Schaefer, Alberta
Squire, Bertine
Simonds, Burrwell
Sommers, Charles
Smith, Mildred
Smith, Etta
Wilder, Carolyn
Warren, Marcella
Woodruff, Clifford
Zilles, Louise

Leader
Mr. Vickerman

Piano
E. J. Jones

First Violins
Lloyd Feder
Albert Friedle
Willard Cook
Arthur Schuenaman

Second Violins
Chas. Beveridge
Wm. Svec
Ben Krantz
Carl Hamberger

Cellos
D. S. Campbell
G. Brown

Flutes
Arline Dahler
Richard Tappende n

Clarionet
Rudolph Hirsch

Henry Bloss

Cornets
Humbert Jacobucci, solo
Oscar Howard

Trombone
Walter Pike

Horns
H. D. Bone
Leland Howard

Drums
Harold Norton

The Band

Director
Mr. Bone

President ..... Kiefer '13
Vice President ..... Oscar Howard '14
Secretary ..... Tuxtin Bendall '15
Treasurer ..... Walter Pike '15
Librarian ..... Rudolph Hirsch '13
Manager ..... Harold Norton '14

Jack Richards '16
William Farmer '13
Humbert Jacobucci '14
Harold Norton '14
Thomas Godby '16
John Grin '16
Wilbur De Graff '14
Edmund Lehman '14

Altos

Ralph Holmer '14
Oscar Howard '14
Herbert Bell '16

Trombones

Kenneth Rogers '15
Walter Pike '15
Everett Jones '14
Earl Donohue '13

Clarionets

Rudolph Hirsch '13
Henry Falls '13
Clarence Norris '15

Flute

Richard Tappenden '13

Piccolos

Arthur Schuenaman '15
Irving Baker '14

Baritone

Tuxtin Bendall '15

B^{b} Bars

Howard Leland

Tuba

Ernest Pike '14

Drums

Keifer '13
Mathers '13

First Mandolins

J. Verne Resek
Edward Lamotte

Bates
Alfred Henderson

Second Mandolins

Ross Barger
Newman Squires
Mills

William Farmer
Palmer

Third Mandolins

Tom Britton
Frank Badke

Arthur Schueneman

Tenor Mandola

Lloyd Feder

Banjo

Harry Masterson

Cellos

Edward Brown

Douglass Campbell

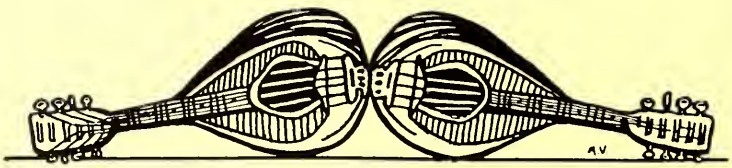
Guitars

John Younger

Roy Hodgiss

Piano

Edward Rosenberg



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Vice President Dean Workman
Secretary-Treasurer Homer McCarty

First Tenor

George Queen — Albert Saurwein
Ernest Wilson — James Sargent
Lewis Sherman — Adelbert Morgan
Donald Pierce — George Franck

Second Tenor

Isers Pollock — Elmer Panhorst
Milton Eckstein — Homer McCarty
Albert Lang — Linnarsis Carlson
Henry Rand — Leo Conway

First Bass

Dean Workman — Numan Squire
Don Whitney — Robert Strachen
Ralph Gaffney — Frank Erben
Gustav Schoenser — Arthur Neate
Frank Voyshville — Fred Schoeppe
Arthur Kiefer

Second Bass

Robert Lockhart — Leland Prior
Alfred Caris — Zigmund Salit
Lawrence Thomson — Merrill Yerian
Edwin Truthan — John Hambag
Lloyd Taylor — Raymond Rosenberry

Accompanist Everett Jones

The Scarab Board

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Assistant Editor	Carl E. David
Business Manager	John R. Bloss
Literary	Dillard Firse
Athletics	Douglas Campbell
Shops	Wilhelm Moeller
Exchanges	Earl Donoghue
Jokes	Ella Coates
Cartoons	John McKay
Domestic Science	Arline Dahler

For reasons of personal safety The Annual Board decided not to print its picture here.

Editor-in-Chief.....Walter E. Miller
Asst. Editor.....Wilhelm A. Moeller
Business Manager.....Henry P. Boggis
Asst. Manager.....Paul V. Jones
Faculty Member.....Mr. F. W. Blaisdell

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Louis Cohn Edward Klee

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Fred Glosh .....Chairman

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James Cory .....Chairman
Ralph Canfield Leslie Reardon

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Paul Jones .....Chairman
Alice Paddock Ruth McWatters

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Harold Baker .....Chairman
Hinsdale Lanphear James Jares

Joke Committee

Bainbridge Foster .....Chairman
Charlotte Soul Carl Ganzenmueller
Ardine Leatherman

Address to the Class of '13

By D. Ippy

Young people, you, who are about to go out into the world, should know something about the value of real hard work.

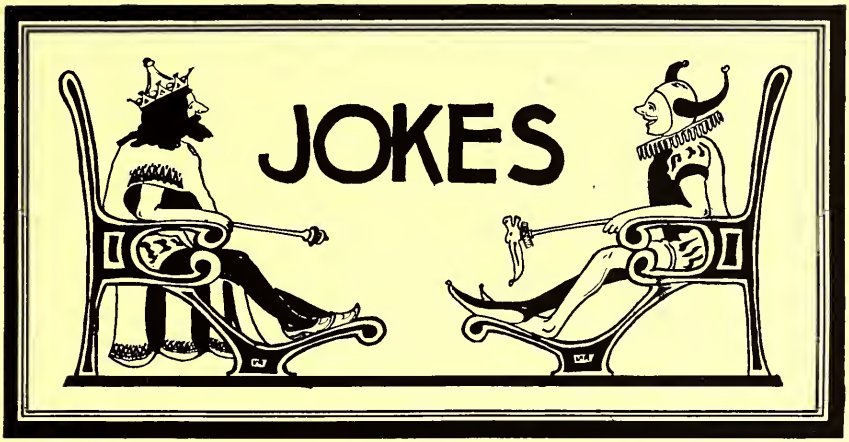
Dislike of work has caused an infinite amount of apoplexy and fatty degeneration in my mind. I asked several of this year's class what work they intended to follow, the silence was painful to hear, but fortunately the replies of some made one look along the untrodden paths of the future and see hidden footprints of an unseen hand.

Those who are looking for a "cinch" do but pursue a bubble, and soon the shadows will burst and leave in your hands nothing but ashes. Our great and glorious nation will never be perfect until the good ship "Gospel of Work" shall sail from one end of the land to the other and with a cry of "Victory" at each step she takes, plant her banner in every city, town and fireside in the United States. Indeed those "cinch" seekers are treading a slippery path and they shall be sucked maelstrom-like into its meshes.

I hope that the great "Gospel of Work" shall be as a nail driven into a pine board, sending its roots downward and its branches upward.

Hard work has made the great British nation what it is today. The British Lion, whether roaming the deserts of Scotland, or climbing the valleys of India, or wading through the "Plains of Abraham," will not draw in his horns or retire into his shell. And in conclusion I want to say that when I die, if my life is spared I want a monument reading:

"This monument erected to the memory of D. Ippy who suddenly died working as a mark of affection to the public."



Miss Matchett—"Can you tell me what camels eat?"
Bright Boy—"All live ones do."

Miss Arbuthnot—"Mary, what is a skeleton?"
Mary—"It's a man with his insides out and his outsides off.

There was a young lady named Gill,
Who sought the long hours to fill,
So she said: "Now, my dear,
I want a book by Shakespeare,
Bring me one that was written this year."

AT THE POLYTECH DANCE

She—"Goodness, but I'm thirsty."
Gallant but lazy—"Shall I get you a glass of water?"
She—"I said I was thirsty, not dirty."
P. S.—The punch was about fifty feet further away.

There was a young man from Toledo,
Who screamed when he saw a mosquito.
He sat on a mat
With a big baseball bat,
To murder that naughty mosquito.

Younger—"It was simply a question of veracity. He said I was a liar and I said he was."

Conaghan—"That's the first time I ever heard either of you tell the truth."

Miss Arbuthnot—"What plant thrives best in hot weather?"
Carrie Wilder—"The ice plant."

There was a young lady from Limes,
She kept up abreast with the times;
She had the good looks
That you read of in books,
For she bought them with all her spare dimes.

Henry Falls down Harry Stair,
Sues and gets a Dahler;
Then he cries: "Oh! my Soul,
But Cleo Clogg'l holler."

At the senior dance, Earl tried to get into the good graces of a certain young lady. He said: "Goodness, but your hands are small. If you yawned you would have to use both of them to cover your mouth."

And still he wonders why the temperature dropped to freezing.

There was a young man in Francisco,
Who had a great love for Nabisco;
When friends came at night,
He would each one delight,
By serving them dainty Nabisco.

That cunning boy Lanphear, the king of the dubs,
Gets all he's got coming, including the rubs,
From Vick up to Webster and back down to Meck,
That cute little Lanphear gets nothing but heck.

Baldwin got home late the other night, and intended to slip in unheard, but he couldn't fool daddy, who, though asleep, could hear a pin drop before it reached the floor.

"Son," he called, "did I hear a noise?"

"Yes, dad, 'twas only the night falling."

But daddy was wise and said: "Oh, I guess not; that was the day breaking."

There is a young fellow named Grant,
The sum of whose knowledge is scant,
He plays on the team
With plenty of steam,
But pass in his German he can't.

A sign in the Electrical Construction Room:

DANGER!!!

To touch these wires means instant death. Anyone failing to respect this warning will be sent to the office.

Little Arthur Bolden, with the curly hair,
Thinks the shaggy baron reminds him of a bear.
Though the baron's smile is a healthy sight,
Just between the two of us, isn't Artie right?

Miss Thomas—"Are there any foreign born pupils in the room? If so, tell me your age when born."

Wolf, translating—"Sie hielt den nassen Zipfel wie Versteinert in der Hand."

"She held her wet, stony nose in her hand."

Here's to Tech, the home of the best,
Here's to four years that rolled swiftly by,
Here's to the future, be what it may,
And here's to Tech's fame, may it never die.

Mr. Taylor was endeavoring to explain conceit to one of his classes. "Now, boys, if I were to say that I was very handsome and a lot of self complimentary things like that, what would you say I was?"

"A liar," they shouted in unison.

Miss Hyde had a Thomas cat,
It warbled like Caruso,
She hit it with a baseball bat
And now it doesn't do so.

Miss Shanks—"Holland is an interesting country; I should like to go there."

Ethel G.—"I shouldn't."

Miss S.—"Why not?"

Ethel G.—"Because the geography says it is a low lying country."

There was a small boy in East Tech,
Who was buried in "Math" to his neck.
His teacher is Meck,
That's why he's a wreck.
This happens too often at Tech.

Oh, that this too, too lonesome period would end,
Fly and join the other "used-to-be's,"
Or that Lawrence had not fixed
His choice on this problem; oh, the dickens, darn it.
How useless, punk, torturesome and foolish
Seem to me, all the uses of this Algebra.
Oh, the deuce, hang the dope, 'tis a bunch of junk
Made to torture students.

They were trying out the speakers for the debating team. Resek had just finished his speech. Miss McKitrick turned to Mr. Taylor and said: "What do you think of his execution?"

Mr. Taylor said: "I favor it."

I don't see any use in math,
For girls that want to sew;
I found it only agony,
And that is all I know.

Miss McGowan is a heroine,
In teaching she's a shark;
I often wonder why it is,
"U" is her favorite mark.

"Mr. ——— had to be bailed out yesterday."
"What was the matter, was he in jail?"
"No, he was full."

There was a young man called Kohl,
Who always struck out for the goal,
He never was slow
In football, we know,
When helping his team from a hole.

"My wife can drive nails like lightning."
"You don't say so?"
"Surely. Lightning, you know, seldom strikes in the same place."

There was a young man from Bellaire,
Who smiled as he sat on a chair,
But he arose with a quack!!!?
For he'd sat on a tack,
And he blushed to the roots of his hair.

Mr. Durstine was trying to drive home facts through Lowe's armor-plate cranium and spoke thusly: "These little sardines you buy in the store are sometimes eaten by the larger fish."

Lowe pondered for a moment, then asked: "How do the large fish get the cans open?"

THE FLAT'S SOLILOQUY.

Are she went? Am she gone?
Have she left I all alone?
Can me never go to she?
Can her never come to I?
Oh! It cannot was.

Miss McKittrick—"Why do they call the 'Middle Ages' the 'Dark Ages'?"

Haserot—"Because the women kept their ages dark."

Miss McK.—"No; because there were so many knights."

There's a study hall teacher named Frost,
His smile he must surely have lost
Before he came here,
Because it's so drear
I'm sure 'twas the Arctic he crossed.

Miss Jackson—"Henry, during the siege of Paris what did the Parisians do when driven to the last extremity for food?"

Boggis—"They used oxtail soup."

See the tough and healthy hide
Of the chap who eats outside,
When the frost is cold and nipping,
Outside eating sure is ripping.

First Flat—"They haven't got any more Scarabs."

Second Flat—"How do you know?"

F. F.—"There's a big sign up there that says, 'Scarabs just out.'"

THE FACULTY.

Little men and big men,
  Likewise brains both great and small,
Some are fat and some are thin,
  And some are long and tall.

P. S.—This also applies to the ladies; substitute girls in place of men.

Hey, Miss Arbuthnot! If East 55th street is old, is Scovill Avenue?

Miss Hyde can't get along without eating, but Biliken.

Miss Thomas whispered sweetly: "What is it the noble Roman nose?

In case of fire Mr. Kennedy will ring the towel.

"I had an accident today," said Miss Parmenter; "I ran into a parcels post."

"Oh! Miss Elmer, where has Lima bean?"

Miss Coburn said: "He slipped on the polished floor and broke his neck; a sort of a hardwood finish, wasn't it?"

Quoth Mr. Webster: "If strawberries are grown in the country, where do they grow robberies?"

Mr. Durstine, trying to explain human nature—"John, what happened when the prodigal son returned?"

Younger—"His father hurt himself."

Mr. D.—"Where did you hear that?"

Younger—"Well, it says his father ran and fell on his neck. I'll bet it would hurt you to fall on your neck."

Oh, no, Moeller doesn't buy butter anymore. He goes out into the yard, cranks up his biplane and flies up through the "Milky Way." When he descends, his propellers are full of butter.

X.—"Joan Rock has gone into settlement work."

Y.—"Helping the poor or bill collecting?"

Arline, translating German—"Last night I lay in a gondola in the Grand Canal, drinking it all in, and life never seemed so full before."

Miss Hyde—"What is a pillory?"

Weidener—"A drugstore."

Chairman—"Mr. Kenndall will now give us his address."

Mr. Kenndall, rising—"My address is 1791 E. 90th St."

Miss King—"Who was laughing?"

Soph.—"I was, but I didn't mean it."

"Didn't mean it?" queried Miss King.

"No, ma'am. I tried to laugh up my sleeve but I had a hole at the elbow."

Falls—"Sit still at the table, can't you?"

David—"No, I can't, I'm a fidgetarian."

RULES FOR DEPORTMENT IN AUDITORIUM.

(1) Always go in the wrong door and make the teachers earn their pay.

(2) Rush down the aisle with all possible speed and insist on some one else's seat. If he remonstrates throw him out bodily. It provides amusement for those around you.

(3) Applaud "the minutes of the last meeting." The secretary appreciates it, and it makes the following periods shorter.

(4) Bring something to read because when Mr. Barker makes the announcements you will need an excuse for not hearing them.

(5) Maintain a lively conversation while the speaker is talking. It assures him that you are awake.

(6) If the speaker says something and then laughs, be sociable and laugh also; he probably meant it for a joke.

(7) At the end of the speech look pleased, then clap your hands, stamp your feet on the floor and whistle, for the same reason as number 3.

(8) During the vocal selection you may gently doze off and snore in your sweetest baritone. You serve as an accompaniment and the singer's mistakes are seldom noticed.

(9) At the end of this applaud some more. (See number 3.)

(10) If you have an academic the third period, pass to the fourth and tell your teacher you didn't understand the announcement. If you fuss around awhile maybe the third period will close.

A charming young Pole in Barat
Had a very fine young Maltese cat.
Though his friends did admire,
They would still rouse his ire;
They'd be darned if they'd pat a Pole cat.

"My goodness, Mr. Hoornstra, when I witness a play given by the Dramatic Society, I wonder——"

"How they do it?"

"No, why they do it."

Campbell—"Did any of you fellows ever eat dried apples and then drink water?"

Bunch—"No, how is the combination?"

Campbell—"Well, you certainly have a swell time."

"What is an optimist?"

Price—"A fellow who goes into the lunch room with fifteen cents and thinks that he won't come out hungry."

One of Mr. Alexander's clever students got stuck on his chemistry. That is to say, the diabolical deepness of the darned dope dazzled dear Dean's diaphram to dizziness. Well, this clever young thing turned to the provider of the daily bread and spoke thusly: "Dearest pater, what information can you vouchsafe me concerning the Halogen family?"

The signer of checks grunted and emitted, "Who?"

"Why, you dear old sugar-coated dad, you know the Halogen family, bromine, chlorine, florine, and the rest."

The brow of the custodian of the check book wrinkled into an intelligent shape and he spoke, saying: "I don't know anything about them, they only moved in last week, and besides, they're Irish."

Mr. A.—"Isn't it funny that the biggest 'muts' always get the prettiest girls?"

Miss W.—"Now you are trying to flatter me."

Joe R.—"Did Mr. Durstine tell you how much money he has?"
Sunday—"Nope. He has untold wealth."

Beginner—"Why do the leaves of this book stay together so?"
Mr. Webster—"Oh, they're bound to do that."

Mr. F. in 315—"A man may never need to starve up here."
Beginner—"Why, if I may ask?"
Mr. F.—"Because he can eat the currents."

It is a crime, so they say,
Not to love your sister;
But I passed that stage the other day,
For it's someone else's sister.

Pritchard—"Boggis is going to use an electric stove at camp this year."
Ullman—"How is he going to get the juice?"
Pritchard—"Squeeze some lemons."

When the teacher slipped up in his spelling: "Give bearer to boxes of chalk."

Mr. Hawkins—"What is your nationality, Campbell?"
Campbell—"Half Scotch and half Celt, sir" (seltzer).
(We didn't know Campbell knew so much about it.)

Reardon—"Everybody has his ups and downs."
Schwartzenberg—"That's right. Just at present I'm pretty low down because I'm hard up."

Mr. Durstine—"Now, Leonard, tell me why it is wrong to cut off dog's tails."

Leonard—"Because the Bible says not to."

Mr. D.—"Kindly explain."

Leonard—"Why, it says, 'What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.'"

Holmes is a little shaver,
And Pearl is not much bigger.
Don't they make a funny pair
A-strolling round together?

Lanphear—"I can't find words in the dictionary to express my opinion."

Miss King—"I don't doubt it. The words you want are not in the dictionary."

O! Arline is a buxom maid,
And Henry is the best of men;
And he the price has surely paid
And lost all faith in women.

Miss Collings—"Why is it nobody starves on the Sahara desert?"

Glosh—"Because of the sand which is there." (Say it fast.)

"Miss C.—"How did they happen to get there?"

Glosh—"Why the tribe of Ham was bred and mustered there." (Bred means bread, and mustered means mustard, got it, Steve? Glosh hasn't got sense enough to say that we're only kidding him.)

Now, Miller is a nutty chap,
But you'll have to agree
That he has used the best of choice
In picking winsome Lee.

Mr. Vickerman, to freshmen in orchestra—"Hold on there—you're a little flat."

There is a girl named Ella—
A foremost girl is she—
And her name is close connected
With a boy named George Kohle.

Wade S., in German—"Packen Sie schnell meine Sachen!"

"Pack me in my satchel."

Speaker in Auditorium—"And then in the dusk I could see the glistening eyes and black, moist muzzles of the hungry wolves."

Flat, in awed whisper—"Gee, it's good they had muzzles on."

Ethel is a maiden slim
And neat, quiet and prim.
And she has had no trouble
In holding H. McMullin.

Miss P. was taking in the sights at the seashore. Her guide turned to her and said: "They raise all their food in that lighthouse over there."

Miss P. fell for it and said: "Why, how can they do that?"

The guide replied: "With a rope."

It's easy to smile and be happy
When you carry your lunch to school;
But the guy that's worth while
Is the guy that can smile
While eating the lunch room's hashings.

Dr. Dopem prescribes the following diets:

Scarab Board—Roasts with snuff pastes, deviled crabs.

Football Players—Mincemeat, mashed potatoes, squash pie.

Faculty—Horlick's malted milk, Imperial Granum.

It is this time of year
That thoughts of love arise;
But just to prove that it is wrong
And take you by surprise,
It's not affected Binny yet,
That is as we surmise.

At the teachers' banquet Mr. Hawkins gave this toast: "Long live our teachers."

Mr. Durstine, in response, answered: "What on?"

Editor's Note—Mr. D. didn't say that, but we only pretend he did. It makes people think that he is smart.

Mr. Lawrence thinks circles are great,
But they are the things that I hate,
There are things I can't do,
And that's one of them, too,
Gee! I wish I had a brick every time I go into that room.

Hilda and the iceman were talking.

Hilda—"Yes, I like my new yob. We got cremated cellar, cemetery plumbing, elastic lights and a hoosit."

Iceman—"Phwat's a hoosit, m'y Oi ask?"

Hilda—"Oh, a bell rings, you put a thing to your ear and say, Hello, and somebody else says, Hello, then you say, Hoosit."

The world is losing all its great men, and I don't feel well myself.—Walt Miller.

Binny Moeller and ——— ————* cooed:

"Binny, my loved one,
I'm tired of living here."
The wise and ardent lover cried:
"To Lapland we'll revere."

*Editor's Note—Owing to parental objections on the part of the young lady's mother, we very kindly left this space vacant.

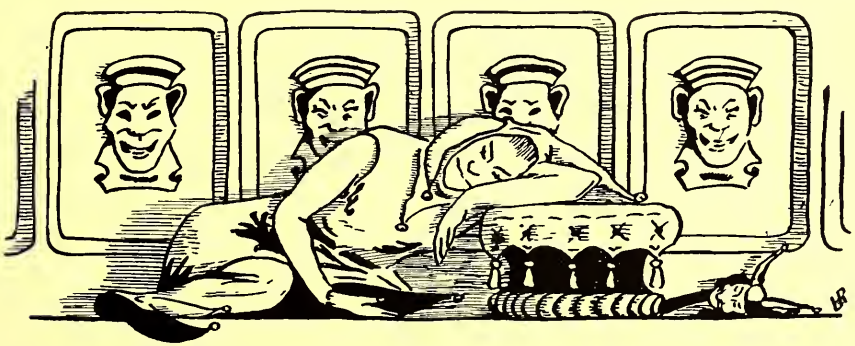
Mr. Bone, discussing affairs of the band—"Say, Campbell, the band is thinking of buying coats and caps."

Campbell—"Well, that's all right, Bone, but won't we have pants?"

Keep away from the fellow with a benzine boat,
Is a maxim you'd better heed.
But that hasn't gotten Bertine's goat,
For she and Douglass like to speed.

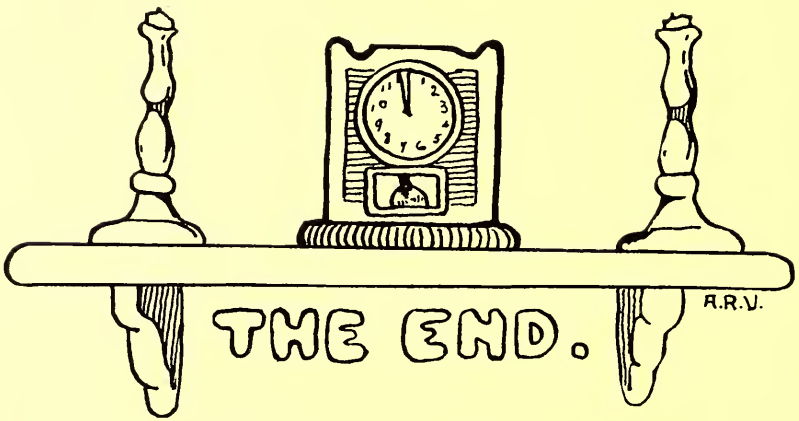
Mr. D.—"What is the difference between a statesman and a politician?"

Grant—"A statesman is a politician who has got what he wanted."



The Editors wish to thank all those who have contributed anything to this publication. They have nothing but praise for the work of the different committees. The art department especially deserves our commendation for the fine work they have done. Some of the cuts and cartoons would do credit to any college publication and a few even compare favorably with those in "Life," "Judge" or "Puck." We feel sure that the subscribers will join us in extending to that department our heartiest thanks.

The help extended to us by the faculty was highly appreciated, but after a thorough consideration of their helpful suggestions, we very carefully ignored them.



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